The Outlook

AUGUST 8, 1923

THE PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS

AS this issue of The Outlook goes to press the President lies gravely ill in San Francisco. Mrs. Harding, whose own health has been of serious concern to the President, returned from the Alaskan journey with a strength which has surprised the President's physicians. She is actively engaged in caring for her husband, and the President's physicians have found her cheerfulness and confidence a great support in this time of anxiety.

Recent pictures of the President accompany an editorial on another page.

A HEATLESS WINTER?

CONSUMERS of coal are anxiously awaiting word from their masters.

Unhappily, their masters cannot agree among themselves. If only they would give some little heed to the lessons of history! In times past other masters have fallen out with each other, and in their quarrels have lost all sense of obligation to their dependents, until those dependents became outraged beyond endurance and turned their masters out. Some day people who now require coal and cannot get it will lose their patience, and then something is going to happen to the coal industry which the arbitrary rulers among the managers and the wage-earners alike will deplore.

Just now the anthracite consumers' masters, divided into their customary two groups, are supposed to be engaged in negotiations at Atlantic City, New Jersey, which may either produce or avert hostilities. If the negotiations continue without result during August, the war between the operators and the miners in the anthracite region will begin on September 1. Up to that day they will continue to observe the treaty which was framed at the close of the last war. If that treaty is not renewed or a new one is not made in its place, the war will break out automatically.

On July 27 these two belligerent forces, temporarily at truce, broke off their parley. The negotiators of the mine workers demand that the operators not only recognize the Mine Workers' Union, but definitely provide for what is known as the "check-off." According to the "check-off" the operators withhold from the wages of the mine workers whatever amount is required by the union for the payment of the miners' dues, assessments, and fines, and pay that amount into the union's treasury. The operators strenuously object to the check-off; for no belligerent willingly becomes a collector of taxes to be used for providing its enemy with munitions of war. Sometimes a belligerent is forced to do this, but only after defeat. It is rather humiliating to be required, not only to fortify one's self against one's enemy, but also to fortify one's enemy against one's self. The mine workers, however, are very powerful, and they can force a war if they choose. The operators are powerful too, for they control the supply of a limited but at present necessary resource. If operators and miners choose, they can break off their parley and start their fight next month.

The "check-off" is not the only subject of dispute, by any means, but at present it stands first on the list. Among other disputed points are wages. The operators would like to put in force a wage cut. The miners, on the other hand, are demanding a wage increase. Both sides expect to give way; but how far each side will yield and whether they will yield before or after a fight cannot be foretold.

In the meantime the people who are dependent upon anthracite are wondering where their fuel is coming from. There are communities without any supply and, so far as the ordinary consumer can see, with no supply in sight.

So, like the peasants in feudal days who suffered in their lords' quarrel, the coal consumers to-day are suffering while the lords of the United Mine Workers and the lords of the mine operators wage their war.

ARE COAL CONSUMERS HELPLESS?

ARE the people of our cities, our towns, our villages, our rural communities, whose comfort and health in winter and whose industry the year round depend upon coal, without recourse against the danger of recurrent war between managers and workers in the coal industry?

From anything that appears at the conference between the negotiators at Atlantic City, headed on the one side by Mr. John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, and Mr. Samuel Warriner, Chairman of the General Committee of Anthracite Operators on the other side, the only people whose interests are studiously ignored are the people who use coal.

If there is anything in these days at which future generations will laugh, mingling pity with their contempt, it will certainly be the helplessness of millions of free-born and apparently intelligent Americans who are so unorganized and so confused that they do nothing to protect themselves from the discomfort and perils of cold while a comparatively few thousand among them wrangle over the methods of gathering and distributing the enormous fuel resources of a wealthy country.

Without seizing upon those resources through the hand of the Government, the people of America ought to be able to find some way of insisting that the industry of developing those resources shall be in the hands of men who will see the folly of acting like enemies of one another and who will work together as partners with a sense of obligation to one another and to the public they serve.

THE ALCHEMY OF THE GLOVES

BOXING has come into its own—and it not only seems to have come into its own, but also to have come into some things which ought not to belong to it. Never before have the rewards of the professional boxer been so large and never before have professional fighters been able to draw together such vast concourses of people. Some of the contests in the last few months have brought together as many people as a football game between Harvard and Yale, and the gate receipts from these gatherings have been vastly larger than anything that has yet been extracted from even the most rabid congregation of baseball fans. The cash-extracting power of Babe Ruth's bat is as nothing com-

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pared with the alchemy which lies in a pair of boxing gloves attached to the proper fists. Alchemy seems to be the proper word to use, for alchemy is the science of turning base metals into gold. The baseness of the metal may be inferred from a recent article by Heywood Broun in the New York "World."

Heywood Broun, who writes even more entertainingly (and accurately) about boxing than books, describes his feeling at a recent championship bout at the Polo Grounds in the following words:

> For some time now we are not going to be much moved by any of the stories of the bad sporting manners of wretched foreigners. We have ceased to seethe over the fact that the gallery at Troon applauded when Hagen missed a putt, and the French may behave just as they please to any of our visiting athletes without our boiling over about it.
>
> At the Polo Grounds Thursday night we heard thousands of American fans boo Eugene Criqui when he came into the ring and again when he was introduced. Later, when he reeled about the ring, drunk from surfeit of punches and loss of blood, we heard hundreds of men close at hand mock and taunt him. "So you're a champion!" they shouted, and "Knock him back to France!" and such like.
>
> And even when it was over and Dundee had won his well-deserved championship we heard men boo as Joe Humphreys guided Criqui to the ropes to receive a final greeting. Just what the defeated champion had done to deserve this we don't know. Why should anybody have begrudged him the title he held for so short a time? He won it fairly and defended his honors promptly against the best available contender. He fought as brave a fight as the ring has known. Perhaps the answer is that crowds and congregations and conventions and all assemblages in which the individual loses elbow-room tend to stifle decent emotion.

The boxing fan has apparently given Mr. Broun a distaste for the game as it is played which bids fair to last until the next championship contest.

> As a matter of fact, we don't want to hear much about boxing any more. The lofty tradition of ring romance and chivalry is thin summer fiction. We have seen a little in the ring itself, but outside there isn't enough to encircle the waist of a single stout spectator in the reserved section who cups his hands to shout, "What's the matter? Go on in! He can't hurt you."

Something of this same distaste for the pudgy citizen with the raucous

Photo by Mary Dale Clark

HEYWOOD BROUN, WHO HAS TAKEN A WELL-EARNED BITE OUT OF THE HAND THAT FEEDS HIM

voice was felt by a contributor to The Outlook who wrote of a contest at Madison Square Garden soon after the present boxing law, which permitted boxing in New York State, went into effect. Mr. H. T. Pulsifer concluded that article with a prophecy of a future Utopia where the evils of which Mr. Broun complains will be no more:

"I think that in Utopia," surmised Mr. Pulsifer, "they will order some things differently. I think the ringside in Utopia will be surrounded by clean-limbed athletes who are themselves willing and unafraid to exchange hard blows. Perhaps in Utopia the ringside seats will go to those with the best bodies and not to men with the fattest purse. The pudgy gentlemen whose fear of losing bets is only exceeded by their fear of personal blows will be relegated to the top gallery or beyond. And those who fight in a squared ring will fight, not for greater purses than the salaries of kings and presidents, but for the love of a manly game. But Utopia lies a long way ahead."

A HINT IN THE "WORLD" TO THE WORLD

BOXING for sport is a clean and manly game. Its value was demonstrated over and over again in training camps during the war. But somehow it is a hard sport to keep on a decent plane. Boxing commissions and State laws seem to be powerless to prevent the development of conditions which inevitably result in periodic clamor against the game.

One of the bad results of boxing is its debasing influence upon the sporting pages of newspapers. A few writers like Mr. Broun can handle boxing news with color and distinction, but most of the writers fill their pages with the quarrels and boasts of managers, and with betting odds which not infrequently might be used as guides to gamblers as to what not to bet on. Mr. Broun, in the same column of the "World" from which we have already quoted, points out one way in which newspapers prostitute their sport columns. It seems that Mr. Broun once told a friend that he had a contract with the New York "World" for eight years, and this friend therefore suggested that he write something distasteful to the World, thereby eliminating the call for his services while still permitting him to draw his pay. Mr. Broun makes a brave beginning towards putting into effect this Utopian scheme in this wise:

> As a matter of fact, we might try it out on our own account and say that The World ought to be above the common but discreditable newspaper practice of printing stories signed by fighters which the fighters in some cases have not seen, much less written.

We fear that Mr. Broun will make a twofold failure of his happy scheme. We don't believe that the "World" will fire him, and we don't believe that the world, spelled either with a little "w" or a big one, will put into effect the reform which he desires.

POISONED "HOOCH"

ONE man in a hundred who buys illicit liquor in the United States to-day gets genuine unpoisoned and unadulterated liquor. This fact is shown by analysis of 80,000 samples seized in all parts of the United States during the past year and made up of all the kinds of liquor illicitly sold in this country. A statement recently made by the United States Prohibition Director shows that the man who puts his trust in a bootlegger very often drinks with Death. The end may be sudden and violent or, on the other hand, it may come slowly as the result of cumulative poisons, and often is attributed to diseases which these poisons induce.

There are, according to Commissioner Haynes, four sources of supply for bootleg liquor. They are "moonshine" liquor, redistilled denatured alcohol, smuggled goods, and liquor illegally withdrawn from bonded warehouses and diverted to beverage

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I WOULD NOT FARM IT

(Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 4)

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

COUÉ'S SUCCESSOR

Reid in the New York Evening Mail

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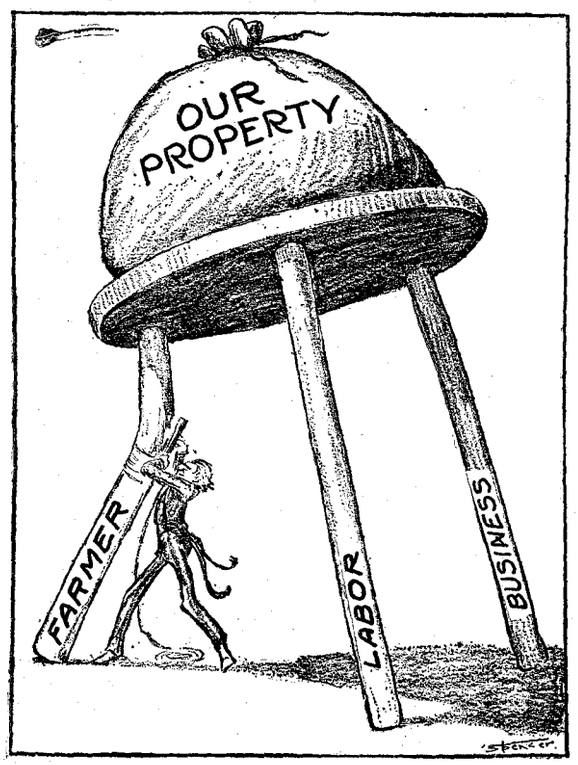
THE DEVIL'S VOICE

Spencer in the Omaha World-Herald



OUR THREE-LEGGED STOOL

From Mrs. Ralph D. Currier, North Loup, Nebraska

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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THE FARMER'S UPS AND DOWNS

From Miss Bessie Nelson, Danville, Kentucky

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Keystone

THE PRESIDENT INCLUDES IN HIS STUDY OF THE SALMON QUESTION A FIRST-HAND EXAMINATION OF THE FISH OVER WHICH THE CONTROVERSY RAGES

purposes. Each class has its own peculiar dangers. "Moonshine" is poisonous, first, because it is new liquor containing all the poisons that would be eliminated by proper aging. It is vile because it is distilled under conditions that make it, in most instances, unspeakably filthy. Redistilled denatured alcohol is poisonous because it is impossible to remove the denaturants by any means at the command of the *illicit distiller*. Smuggled liquor and liquor diverted from bonded warehouses is usually adulterated to increase the volume without diminishing the intoxicating power. So, from whatever source it comes, practically all the liquor that can be bought in the United States to-day is deadly or dangerous. Yet many men hold the blind faith that they are getting "pure stuff" from these polluted streams!

One fact, however, is to be borne in mind. Spectacular and violent as are some of the cases of illicit liquor poisoning and inevitable as are the slow poisonings often incurred, the number of men killed by alcoholic drink in the United States to-day is much smaller than it was before prohibition. A larger proportion of those who drink are killed, but drinkers to-day constitute a proportion of the total population so much smaller than in pre-prohibition days that the aggregate is much diminished.

"THE RETURN OF AN INNOCENT ABROAD"

SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON is unlike some travelers, for he has not attained all knowledge in a few weeks. Frankly acknowledging that he was "'an innocent abroad' . . . tremendously curious to learn of others from being among them," he has come back to America with his impressions. His speech in New York, on July 26, was his report of those impressions given with great force and with undoubted sincerity.

HIRAM JOHNSON

Those who disagree with Senator Johnson should at least try to understand him; one way of understanding his international policy is to read this speech of his. With much of it we do not wholly agree, but we think it states views that are worthy of hearing.

Some idea of this speech may be had perhaps from the following points: (1) For Americans great issues are here at home, and conservatives here "must choose whether progressive things will be done in a conservative way or a radical way." (2) Foreign propaganda often takes the guise of humanitarian appeal, but propaganda in that form or other forms is always for some other nation, not ours. (3) War is to be abhorred, but there are other things as wicked—for example, hypocrisy—and it is "a dreadful thing to tell our people that the International Court will stop war," for it will not, and does not even pretend to. Wars are made by international policies which are not affected by law or court decisions. (4) Much as America's aid is wanted by Europe, America will help neither herself nor others by becoming a part of the European past; but will simply transfer European hates to her own land. (5) "It is nonsense to talk of turning our back upon the world in maintaining aloofness from its daily activities." (6) "I resent that our great country can speak only in concert with others and that it cannot speak alone." (7) We are not so superior to Europe as to warrant the belief that, though we are puzzled by our own problems, we can ourselves solve Europe's after Europe has failed. Finally:

> There's just one course to pursue, just one way to play our proud part, just one method to render real service—speak our voice, frankly and boldly, be true to our own institutions, hold to our own ideals, be fair and just to all peoples, but, standing upon our own shores, remain the master of our own destiny, the captain of our own souls."

With Senator Johnson's conclusion that because the World Court originated with the League of Nations and because it cannot fulfill all the un-

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founded hopes for it, including the hope that it will prevent war, the United States should not adhere to it, we wholly disagree. The Court's origin does not affect its function, and its failure to fulfill unfounded hopes will not affect its ability to apply the public law of nations. On other points we disagree with Senator Johnson; and on still others we are in hearty accord with him. We hope his arguments will be listened to, and, by his opponents, answered, not merely ridiculed and denounced.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE

THE illness of President Harding has called out universal feeling and the expression of sympathy, affection, and regard from men and women of all parties and of all occupations and social relations. Americans verbally pound their Presidents pretty freely and severely, for we are not as a people overgiven to deference or formal respect toward officials as such. But the same writers who roundly denounce a President's policy or acts and find unwisdom a mild word to use in estimating his intelligence, and the same cartoonists who too often pass the line of due respect in picturing a President, do yet in the time of a President's illness and danger show honest feeling and strong regard for the person they have fought on the political field. Nor is this regard confined to public writers and public officials. Mr. Harding's illness has been the one topic discussed in home and train and office. The bulletins describing his condition have been read as eagerly and as anxiously as were those of the great crises in war time.

Wherever the President's condition has been discussed there has been the heartiest appreciation of the President's wife, herself not yet entirely strong from recent severe illness—a woman of indomitable courage and of quiet efficiency, who has been in this emergency the constant comforter and guardian of her husband. She is described by one correspondent as "busier than sixteen nurses," and by all as cool, tireless, and confident. Mrs. Harding has always stood high in the regard and affection of the country, and hereafter will be even more highly regarded than before.

The illness of the President may pass and his health be restored, as every one at this moment is earnestly hoping. Even so, the experience should lead to the question whether a President should not be more carefully guarded against overwork and over-exertion. President Harding has always felt responsibility to the full, has always been thorough and conscientious in his study of public questions, and has always devoted time and care without stint to the preparation of his public utterances. His addresses during this trip must in themselves have entailed enormous work. The immediate cause of his illness was unimportant; it seems to have been local and not in itself dangerous. But the attack found him in poorer condition than he should have been, and his physicians saw that, as one of them said, "We are running with a very much handicapped machine," or, as another observer remarked: "He is not just tired or worn out. He is beyond being merely fatigued. He is an entirely exhausted man, and the sort of rest he requires is not that of a day, or two or three, but of weeks."

Bearing in mind the cases of President Wilson and President Harding in breaking down during long-continued journeys constantly interrupted by demands to greet crowds, be present at meetings and outdoor festivals, speak formally and informally, one may ask whether such journeys are worth the risk and the physical and mental exhaustion involved. They do

Wide World Photos

SITTING ON THE PORCH OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT METLAKATLA, PRESIDENT HARDING CALLS HIS WIFE'S ATTENTION TO A PASSING AIRPLANE. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN DURING THE CEREMONY OF WELCOME

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serve a good purpose in putting our Chief Magistrate in close touch with the people and in affording a Nation-wide forum for popular discussion of public questions; yet the danger involved is more than appreciable, it is exceedingly great.

President Harding's visit to Alaska was evidently of value in giving him a close-at-hand view of important administrative and industrial questions. Perhaps after this experience the people will be willing in the future to have such a trip arranged so as to avoid too heavy a burden of speech-making and constant physical and social exertion.

RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY OF BUILDERS

"I NEVER met the labor men except in time of controversy." This was the testimony of a New York architect at a Conference of publicists called by the Building Congress of New York City to explain one of the most interesting developments in the relationship between management and labor which has taken place in recent years—a development which has made the situation to which the architect referred a thing of the past.

The Building Congress of New York City is composed of all the elements in the local building industry. It is a co-operating body composed of men who represent the various fields of design, management, labor, and material supply. Similar congresses are in existence in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Oregon, and the ultimate plan is the creation of a National organization based upon these local chapters. No member of this Congress is obliged to conform to its recommendations; but it has been proved that its recommendations do carry weight.

One of the accomplishments of this organization was set before the Conference to which we have referred, a development of far-reaching meaning to home builders and home users. The need behind this accomplishment was presented to the Conference by Mr. Burt L. Fenner, President of the Apprenticeship Commission of the Congress. Mr. Fenner said:

> The normal growth of the country requires a certain normal growth of buildings. From 1914 to 1918 new construction fell far below normal. Since 1918 the new construction has barely met the needs of normal growth, and the demand of war needs has not yet been met. . . . Furthermore, in nearly all the skilled trades the supply of skilled mechanics has actually decreased, until to-day there are not more than 60 per cent as many available in many trades as there were ten years ago. There is also a shortage in many lines of building material, due in part to shortage of labor for erection of buildings, for manufacturers won't operate their plants to capacity unless reasonably assured that their products will meet that demand. The old law of supply and demand is still in force. On the one hand we have an abnormally great demand. On the other hand, an abnormally small supply, both of mechanics and materials. The result is inevitable. The highest bidder gets the men and the material, and costs continue to mount.

"The supply of material," as Mr. Fenner pointed out, "can be increased with little difficulty, but the supply of skilled mechanics cannot be increased so easily." Only a small number of skilled mechanics are coming to-day from Europe, and it follows, therefore, that we must depend upon our efforts and educate our own American boys for the skilled trades. Mr. Fenner said:

> This is the job which the Apprenticeship Commission has undertaken. The Congress began the work by devising a plan of operation and securing its acceptance in principle by the organizations representing the employers of labor. It then created the Commission, composed of thirteen members, five representing the employers, five chosen by labor, and three by the Congress, these latter three being chosen from the architects, real estate men, and others who occupy a neutral position between the two former groups. The Commission will complete its first year's work on August 1. From the beginning it has intentionally avoided controversial questions, such as wage scales, hours of labor, conditions of employment, etc. The necessity of building up the ranks of skilled labor is not controversial. It is admitted by employers and labor alike.

This Commission on Apprentices of the Building Congress is authority for the statement that the unions are not responsible for limiting the number of apprentices, for the employers have not availed themselves of the number of apprentices which the unions are ready to accept. The Commission believes that a thorough and well-rounded course of training should cover a period of four years and that most of this training should be given in the shop or on the job. Together with this practical training there should be training schools open to boys learning their trades. In New York City the filling of this latter need has received enthusiastic support and co-operation from the Board of Education.

The clear statements of the problem facing the Building Congress and of the steps which had been taken to solve these problems were really the least interesting and significant part of the Conference. We believe that every member of the Conference carried away a more hopeful feeling for the future of industrial peace because of the spirit displayed by all the men engaged in solving New York's building problems.

The Conference included architects, contractors, labor leaders, and bankers, and every one of them approached his subject from the broadest possible point of view. It was plain to see that all these men were handling the situation according to the Sherman Rogers method of putting their cards upon the table and playing square.

The building situation in New York City has not been a pleasant one. There have been trials and convictions, mutual recriminations, and unfair practices. Undoubtedly much still remains to be remedied, but the attitude of the Building Congress toward the problem still to be solved means that the responsible leaders in New York City have gone a long way on the right road.

A THREAT WORSE THAN A BLUNDER

MORE serious than anything it has suffered from its enemies is the injury which the cause of prohibition enforcement has now suffered from its friends.

The Anti-Saloon League of New York has issued a statement which can only intensify the hostility of its opponents, embarrass its supporters, and arouse suspicion where none existed before. The more vigorously one believes in the obligation resting upon all citizens to support the Prohibition Amendment and the laws putting it into effect, the more must one regret this statement. The Anti-Saloon League has proved such an effective agency in the war against all lawless liquor traffic that it is surprising to find it rendering itself so vulnerable to justifiable attack.

The statement of the League came about in this way.

Accusations made against William H. Anderson, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, resulted in his indictment by an additional Grand Jury. At the same time with the indictment the Grand Jury

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made a presentment in which it requested "the Senate and the Assembly of the Legislature of the State of New York to make an immediate investigation into the activities of the Anti-Saloon League of the State of New York since January 1, 1913."

Thereupon the Board of Directors of the New York Anti-Saloon League prepared its rejoinder; but it did not issue it for publication until nearly a week had elapsed, so as to keep distinct the issue raised by the request for an investigation from the issue raised by the indictment of Mr. Anderson. The statements in it are therefore not hasty, but deliberate. In this rejoinder the Anti-Saloon League defined itself as the "working dry enforcing agency of approximately 5,000 churches in the State." After affirming the honesty of the League, the statement assumes a hostile attitude toward the Legislature and informs it that there is no occasion for the attempted interference with the conduct of the League's business. And it declares: "Any such palpably political move started by a legislative body will be accepted at once as an overt act constituting a declaration of war against the approximately 5,000 Protestant churches of this State committed to dry enforcement and represented by this Board. . . . We know the temper of these churches. They have often been hard to arouse. But once aroused they act thoroughly."

If the Anti-Saloon League of New York is as clear of wrong as its Board of Directors declares it to be, it should not resist investigation, but challenge it, welcome it, accept it as an opportunity to dissipate suspicion and to bring confusion upon its enemies and the enemies of its cause. If, as the Anti-Saloon League believes, this request of the Grand Jury comes as the result of plottings on the part of those who wish to nullify the law, a public investigation by the Legislature with the people of the State as a jury is the best possible way to discredit the League's accusers.

To resist rather than to welcome investigation is therefore a deplorable error of judgment. It seems to justify suspicion by avoiding the surest means of dispelling it.

In the League's statement there is, however, something more serious than an error of judgment. The Anti-Saloon League has threatened the Legislature with the Church as a political force.

Against that threat every citizen jealous of free institutions, no matter what his opinion is about prohibition, no matter what his church affiliations may be, should be aroused.

A few years ago Mayor Mitchel, of New York City, caused an investigation to be made of certain church institutions to which the city had intrusted dependent children. There is good reason to believe that Mayor Mitchel's defeat was to a great degree due to the resentment of at least certain elements of the Roman Catholic Church at this investigation. Mayor Mitchel himself was a Roman Catholic, and his disregard of political consequences was a sign of his courage, but even more of his devotion to the spirit of American institutions and to the heritage of political liberty. If, however, there was any such open and avowed threat of political retaliation on the part of the Catholics at that time as there is now made by a body claiming to represent the Protestant churches, we do not remember it.

Against the interference of the Church, Protestant or Catholic, in the affairs of the State by the exercise of organized power to political ends American citizens should set themselves like adamant.

THE NEW TURKEY

THE outstanding result of the Treaty of Lausanne, signed but not yet ratified, is the implied recognition by the Powers of the coming into existence of a New Turkey. Through the military ability of Kemal, the diplomatic ability of Ismet, and the disinclination of England and France and Italy to force their wishes on Turkey at the point of the bayonet, Turkey takes her place among the nations of the world as an independent, resolute, and perhaps formidable Power. Turkey leaves Lausanne, not victorious in every one of her contentions, but so well established nationally that correspondents and press comments generally use the word "victory" as describing her achievement. One correspondent summarizes this in the sentence "Turkey, with her new type of government, will be free to fashion her destiny unfettered by European domination."

The pessimistic view of this situation was expressed by Mr. Morgenthau, formerly United States Ambassador to Turkey, in a recent address before the Williamstown Institute of Politics. He declared that "the Lausanne Conference undoubtedly teaches the world this great lesson, that until all the Great Powers of the world disregard their selfish aims and the rapacity of some of their business men and unite in establishing a proper system of international customs and laws any small band of determined men can at any time threaten the peace of the world."

The more hopeful view is that the New Turkey may have such political guidance as will make it an amicable and self-respecting member of the family of nations. The situation is not at all as it was when the Young Turks started their revolt against the old régime. That was not a genuine effort for reform and self-government. Such as it was, it could hardly have been in worse hands. The evil results that followed have been admirably described by Mr. Morgenthau in his book entitled "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story." The treachery and double-dealing of Turkey at the beginning of the Great War, the slaughter of the Armenians, and all the crimes of that period were due, negatively, to the absence of anything like a genuine love for liberty and, positively, to the criminal instincts of the men who gained control.

Quite different was the Nationalist movement which has called into existence the New Turkey of to-day. It was based on not unnatural resentment at foreign control in Constantinople and at a Sultan under foreign influence. It could not, to be sure, have succeeded if it were not for the clash of interests and purposes among the Allies. Its spread in Anatolia and other eastern provinces of Turkey was at least a vigorous attempt to make a Turkey which should be independent. The Treaty of Sèvres became impossible of execution. The ill-advised attempt of Greece to occupy the territory which that treaty assigned to it should never have been permitted, and the blunder of England and France in allowing it to go on was one of the great international follies of modern times. The development of national unity and national purpose that followed was a terrific surprise to the Allies; so also was the military efficiency and vigor of the Nationalist Turkish army under Kemal. We notice that since the conclusion of the Lausanne Conference writers on that subject are charging that Lloyd George's fall from power was more directly due to mismanagement of the Near Eastern situation than was supposed at the time; and Lloyd George's recent angry attack on the results of the Lausanne Conference is com-

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mented upon as coming from the man who was more than any other responsible for it.

The past is past; it is fair to the Turkish leaders to say that they have lately not only shown skill and persistence in maintaining their effort for national sovereignty, but that there is a good deal of reason to hope that they will use their new-found independence for the extension of modern ideas and progressive civilization in the Near East.

Turkey has "come back" in Europe with a frontier far more extended northward than she possessed before the war. She has been allowed to take large territories in Eastern Thrace. This might mean a menace against the Balkan countries she has so often ravaged; against this there is the fact that she no longer fears Greece, and that, if her leaders are to be believed, her future policy is to be not to lay waste and conquer, but to consolidate and improve. On the other hand, she has lost large parts of her former dependencies in Asia Minor. It is difficult to judge from the very imperfect summaries of the Lausanne Treaty which have been published in this country precisely how far Turkey agrees to recognize the French and British mandates in Asia Minor; apparently she has done this in principle, at least, but there are still questions of boundary to be determined by diplomacy or arbitration. If this statement is correct, it might mean that the control of the Mosul oil concessions is still a question of bargaining.

One important contention has been upheld by the Allies—and it is one as to which Great Britain at least would probably be willing to fight rather than to yield. The Dardanelles Straits and the whole waterway up and into the Black Sea are to be open to war-vessels of all nations, as well as to all merchant sea traffic. It was with this in mind that Great Britain took its now famous stand at Chanak, when it threw a small force over into Asia Minor and practically defied attack. Turkey's efforts to make the Dardanelles and the waters up to Constantinople a fortified part of her own territory were logical enough, but what happened in the Gallipoli campaign made Great Britain equally insistent that her war-vessels should not be debarred from these waters in time of international trouble. Russia is much more dissatisfied on this point than Turkey, for all along she has urged that, while all merchant vessels should have free access to the Black Sea, war-vessels should be excluded. Now war-vessels as well as merchant vessels are admitted.

At Lausanne Turkey was victorious in her refusal to recognize her treaty obligations as regards the Capitulations; hereafter foreigners in Turkey must be tried by Turkish courts, although a vague sort of an arrangement has been made by which foreign nations may maintain legal advisers for their citizens in Constantinople. Turkey obtains complete control of Constantinople. This also is logical, but has some dangerous possibilities when one considers national, racial, and religious animosities. The rights of minorities in the Turkish dominions have not been protected as they should be; the proposed transfer of Greeks in Turkey and Turks in Greece is inhuman in its character and will be difficult of accomplishment.

In all that relates to concessions and contracts, whether past, present, or future, between the Turkish Government and foreign companies Turkey emerges from the Conference in an advantageous situation. She has not bound herself to uphold the confessedly rather flimsy agreements made by the old Turkish Government and, as far as we can now see, she is perfectly at liberty to negotiate and conclude new contracts and concessions. So far as American rights are concerned in such financial and industrial developments, the most that the separate treaty now under negotiation between Turkey and the United States may obtain is a most-favored-nation clause, and this should mean equal opportunity and the open door.

As we go to press, the latest news as regards Turco-American negotiations is that July closes with a block in the argument between our Minister (Mr. Grew) and Ismet Pasha. The latter declines to assure us of the protection of Christian people in Turkey who are Turkish subjects, and declares that the treaty with the Allies covers this ground. He also objects to separate agreements as regards losses suffered by Americans in Turkey through war or insurrection; probably our claims of this sort would not be large. The other nations in the Lausanne Treaty have again accorded a Turkish victory in the mutual renouncing of all claims for war losses suffered by their governments or their nationals.

It is impossible to predict what will be the future of the New Turkey under its newly awakened and apparently genuine feeling of national responsibility. In the past Turkey has been alternately a "sick man" and a barbaric terror. She emerges from Lausanne certainly not sick—on the contrary, some of her opponents are not feeling quite as well as they might; whether she will be a scourge and a danger or a lamblike and placable nation no one may confidently predict, but the possibilities in the latter direction are now better than they ever have been before.

The story is told of Abraham Lincoln that a friend, seeing him trying to compose a quarrel between two of his boys, asked what the trouble was. "Oh," said Lincoln, "just what is the matter with the whole world. I've got three hickory nuts, and each of the boys wants two." Perhaps there can be found in this story an application to the troubles of the Lausanne Conference.

FRANCE FROM THE BACK OF AN ENGLISH MARE

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

IN the country house in which I am spending the summer there is a library of some three thousand volumes. It covers a fairly wide range of literature—history, biography, poetry, essays, reminiscences, philosophy, ethics, theology, and fiction. Its owner, who has passed on to join the great company, incalculable in number, of writers and readers who have made literature during the few centuries that civilized man has been recording his observations, thoughts, and fancies, had a catholic curiosity and taste. Every room in the house, except the dining-room and the kitchen, I believe, contains some books, but most of them are in one room, spoken of as "the library," on built-in shelves covering the four walls and reaching almost to the ceiling. As I walk about this room I find Dumas's novels (twenty volumes of them) and Calvin's Commentaries, Montaigne's "Essays" and Milman's "History of Christianity," Lea's "History of the Inquisition" and De Quincey's "Murder as a Fine Art," living amicably within a few steps of one another. Some one—let us hope it may be William Lyon Phelps, of Yale—ought to write a paper on the neighborliness of books. I wonder what would happen if the epicurean Dumas

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and the strait-laced Calvin, the orthodox Dean Milman and the skeptical Michael Montaigne, the semi-outcast De Quincey and the highly respectable Philadelphian Lea, were cooped up together in one room for twenty-four hours? I am afraid there would not be much neighborliness there.

The library of which I am speaking was collected during sixty years of active life by a man of New England and Puritan ancestry, whose philosophy of life may perhaps be said to have been a mixture or mingling of the philosophy of St. Paul and William James—that is, he was both a mystic and a pragmatist. Because of the Pauline quality of the owner of this library I have been surprised, in a superficial examination of it, to see how many books about France and French politics it contains. I have counted nearly a hundred titles on French subjects. Many of these books are about Napoleon—from Lord Rosebery's single volume, slender, beautiful, and lucid, to Professor Sloane's four heavy folios. What would St. Paul have thought about Napoleon? Very little, I opine, except to denounce him. What did William James think of Napoleon? A great deal, I fancy, as a biological specimen for the student of conduct—that is to say, of pragmatic psychology.

This, then, I imagine, affords the explanation of why the owner of this library had accumulated a hundred works, some of them in two or three volumes, on the evolution of France during and since the French Revolution. As to the life of the spirit he was a mystic, like St. Paul, St. Augustine, Amiel, Sabatier; as to the life of man on this earth and in his social relations he was a pragmatist, like William James and Theodore Roosevelt.

For the man who wishes to study the operations of social laws both as they are obeyed and as they are broken there is no period of history so fruitful perhaps as that of France during the last century and a half. The evolution of the rights of man in England covers a period of a thousand years; in France it covers a period of a hundred and fifty. The process has been so rapid in France that one can almost see it going on under one's very eyes. Washington is, politically speaking, a contemporary of our time, as modern almost as President Wilson or President Harding; but, speaking actually, he was a contemporary of Louis XVI of France. But Louis XVI, speaking in the terms of political absolutism or despotism, was a contemporary of King John at Runnymede. Thus when we realize that Washington saw the fall of absolutism in France and the foundations of democracy established it is as if seven hundred years of history were bridged and we ourselves were spectators of the fall of John when Magna Charta was torn from his reluctant hands in 1215.

At least this is the feeling I have after reading one of the books about France in the library which is mine for the present by right of tenantry. It is a book that I had often heard of but had never seen until I came across it here. The title is not alluring—"Arthur Young's Travels in France During the Years 1787, 1788, 1789"—but the style, spirit, wit, and wisdom are. If some good copy-reader had changed the title to "France from the Back of an English Mare," it would be just as modern as Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," and far more enlightening as to customs and manners and social economics.

Arthur Young was an English gentleman of talent and education who was obsessed with the importance of agriculture to national life. He was an apostle of scientific farming, but was more successful in writing about it than in practicing it. His book is the record, in the form of a diary, of his journeys on horseback through France from Paris to the Pyrenees, from Paris to Dieppe, and from Paris to Strasbourg. His comments on the roads, inns, food, towns, peasants, nobility, prices, crops, education, architecture, drama, social life, and politics not only explain the Revolution better than many ponderous histories, but show how agriculture has made France to-day the most prosperous and self-contained country in Europe. It is the only lively, readable, and amusing treatise on political economy that I know—probably readable and amusing because the author had no idea that he was writing a treatise.

I will leave the reader who is interested to discover for himself the merits of the book without endeavoring to describe it further, only pausing long enough to quote two passages of profound economic truth which deserve the consideration of those who are alarmed by the sudden apparition of Senator-elect Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota:

> July 30, 1787. Going out of Ganges I was surprised to find by far the greatest exertion in irrigation which I had yet seen in France; and then pass by some steep mountains highly cultivated in terraces. . . . The ride has been the most interesting which I have taken in France; the efforts of industry the most vigorous; the animation the most lively. An activity has been here that has swept away all difficulties before it, and has clothed the very rocks with verdure. It would be a disgrace to common sense to ask the cause: The enjoyment of property *must* have done it. Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert.
>
> Oct. 14, 1787. Dine with my friend at the Palais Royale, at a coffee-house; well dressed people; everything clean, good, and well served; but here, as everywhere else, you pay a good price for good things; we ought never to forget that a low price for bad things is not cheapness.

Arthur Young, however, was not merely a dry-as-dust economist. He had an eye for beauty. For example:

> Oct. 18, 1787. To the Gobelins, which is undoubtedly the first manufacture of tapestry in the world and such an one as could be supported only by a crowned head. In the evening to that incomparable comedy *La Metromanie*, of Pyron, and well acted. The more I see of it the more I like the French theatre; and have no doubt in far preferring it to our own. Writers, actors, buildings, scenes, decorations, music, dancing; take the whole in a mass and it is unrivalled by London. We have certainly a few brilliants of the first water; but throw all into the scales, and that of England kicks the beam.

And then, the economist getting control again of the amateur, he adds:

> I write this passage with a lighter heart than I should do were it giving the palm to the French plough!

In another passage this remarkable English traveler and farmer shows that if his eye could be touched by women's beauty his heart could be touched by women's wrongs:

> July 12, 1789. Walking up a long hill to ease my mare, I was joined by a poor woman, who complained of the times, and that it was a sad country; demanding her reasons, she said her husband had but a morsel of land, one cow, and a poor little horse, yet they had a *franchar* (42 lb.) of wheat, and three chickens, to pay as a quit-rent to one Seigneur; and four *franchar* of oats, one chicken and one sou to pay to another, besides very heavy tailles and other taxes. She had seven children, and the cow's milk helped to make the soup. But why, instead of a horse, do not you

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> keep another cow? Oh, her husband could not carry his produce so well without a horse; and asses are little used in the country. It was said, at present, that something was to be done by some great folks for such poor ones, but she did not know who nor how, but God send us better, *car les tailles et les droits nous ecrasent* [for the taxes and fees are crushing us]. This woman, at no great distance, might have been taken for sixty or seventy, her figure was so bent, and her face so furrowed and hardened by labor—but she said she was only twenty-eight. An Englishman who has not travelled, cannot imagine the figure made by infinitely the greater part of the countrywomen in France; it speaks, at the first sight, hard and severe labor; I am inclined to think, that they work harder than the men, and this, united with the more miserable labor of bringing a new race of slaves into the world, destroys absolutely all symmetry of person and every feminine appearance. To what are we to attribute this difference in the manners of the lower people in the two kingdoms? To Government.

This regret that feminine charm is so often destroyed by country life is shared with the English moralist, Arthur Young, by the French immoralist, Prosper Mérimée. Writing from Marseilles in his delightful but cynical "Letters to an Incognita" (that are also on one of the shelves of the library of which I am the tenant), Mérimée says:

> It is impossible to find a place dirtier or prettier than Marseilles; and these words are especially appropriate to its women. They have expressive countenances, fine black eyes, beautiful teeth, very small feet, and imperceptible ankles; but the pretty feet are shod in thick, cinnamon colored stockings the color of Marseilles mud, and darned with cotton of twenty different tints. Their dresses are badly made, untidy and covered with stains, while their fine hair owes its lustre mainly to candle grease. Add to this an atmosphere redolent of garlic mixed with fumes of rancid oil, and you have a picture of the Marseilles beauty. What a pity that nothing can be perfect in this world! Yet, in spite of all, they are ravishing—a positive triumph.

Mérimée, however, apparently did not, like Arthur Young, expect the Government to do anything about this shocking condition of affairs. Perhaps he hoped that his judicious mixture of criticism and compliment would stimulate his women readers to guard and defend that quality which, in his opinion, forever distinguishes them from men, and which, he believes, is at once their most priceless possession and their most effective weapon in the struggle for existence—the quality of daintiness. Not that Mérimée objects to the intellectual life for women. On the contrary, he encourages his Incognita to study Greek and read Greek literature. But he does want her to be charming. For after a quarrel he writes her: "We both desire the impossible. You—that I should be a statue; I—that you should cease to be one."

But I am straying from the field of economics into the more mysterious and complicated field cultivated by mischievous Cupid. Perhaps, however, I am excusable, for there is hardly a department of French literature in which Master Cupid does not sooner or later, openly or furtively, show his smiling face.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN CENTRAL EUROPE

BY EDWARD CORSI

WE are too apt to think of the Great War as an event of the past, as a storm which has come and is gone. Yet it is not mere pessimism, but rather a facing of the facts, to say that in so far as Europe is concerned the great struggle, with its hatreds, passions, and prejudices, is still a living reality. If the actual fighting has ceased, if the trenches are deserted, certainly the psychology and the mentality of the struggle remain. Anti-Semitism, just one of the many rages that are making peace impossible, cannot be dissociated from the war. It represents a continuation of that psychology of hate which made possible the European fratricide.

In Germany, particularly in Bavaria, in Austria, and in Hungary the wrath of the Junker has turned on the Jew. A campaign of race and religious persecution smacking of mediævalism is spreading like wildfire over Central Europe, sponsored by the forces of reaction, who hope thus to regain their lost power. "We have lost the war because of the Jew. He has enriched himself at the expense of the nation. He is incapable of allegiance, of national pride, of patriotism. He is the chief fomenter of revolution and anarchy." With this appeal the anti-Semitic propagandists are hoping to fire the imagination and arouse the hatreds of a conquered and humiliated people. In Bavaria Hitler, leader of the Fascisti, who is styled "der Deutscher Mussolini," is leading his popular revolt with the firm conviction that if the Jew is eliminated Germany will return to her pre-war greatness. "Eliminate international Jewry from capitalism, and capitalism will cease to be a menace to humanity. Eliminate the Jew from German life, and Germany will revive." In Hungary the "Awakened Magyars," also known as the Hungarian Fascisti, led by the monarchist Stephen Friedrich, are wreaking their vengeance on the *budos zsido* who have thrown the fatherland "to the dogs." Bolshevism and Semitism, contend these "Awakened Magyars," are one and the same. "The Hundred Days of Bela Kun were due to the treachery of the Jews, whose only loyalty is to the Internationale." In Vienna and other centers of Austria anti-Semitic riots break out with marked regularity. Feeling against the Jew is bitter.

The "Deutschvolkische Partei" and the "Deutschvolkischer Trutz und Bund," whose membership is made up largely, if not completely, of men loyal to the old régime, are leading the fight against the Jews in Germany. These groups control many newspapers, such as "l'Hammer" and "l'Auf Verposten," and distribute great quantities of anti-Semitic literature throughout the country. They have adopted as their emblem a sort of cross with hooks (*Hakenkreuz*) and display it boldly on every occasion. These Jew-baiters are armed with cudgels of the sort that were used in the attempted assassination of Harden, and consider them the "most effective argument that a true German can use against a Jew." In their propaganda they charge the Jew with having made money out of the war, with having avoided the dangers of actual fighting, and with having brought about the downfall of the Empire. The results from this propaganda have been quite evident. In every important branch of the public service, in the army and navy, and in the universities the Jew is the victim of much discrimination and is with remarkable thoroughness isolated from the social life of the country. There is not a single Jew in the army holding a commissioned rank, and very few Jews in the Government service. At the Universities of Halle, Giessen, and Rostock students have demanded the expulsion of the Jews. At Marburg, Heidelberg, and Münster they have been shamefully assaulted and beaten in the name of patriotism. At a students' con-

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gress in Eisenach resolutions were passed restricting membership in all student bodies to "German students of Aryan race who pledge themselves to the ideals of Germanism." A further resolution forbade members, under penalty of expulsion, to marry women of "Jewish or Negro blood." The famous "Consuls" of Germany are anti-Semitic groups who resort to violence in the execution of their programme. Rathenau was the victim of anti-Semitism.

Since the Armistice over one hundred thousand Jews have come into Germany from Poland, Lithuania, and Ukrainia, increasing the total Jewish population of the country to 700,000. This great mass, at the cost of hard work and severe sacrifices, has adjusted itself to post-war conditions and become an important factor in the commercial and financial life of the nation. In the face of this organized persecution, the German Jews have remained very calm. A defensive league of "German Citizens of Jewish Faith" has been organized which claims that its members are "first Germans and then Jews." They deny that they have made money out of the war or that they have been unfaithful to the German cause. They point to men like Stinnes and Thyssen who have amassed fortunes out of the war and who are not Jews. They disprove the charge of disloyalty and lack of patriotism by proving that 19,000 iron crosses were won by Jews on the field of battle, and that the only member of the Reichstag to have given his life in action was Ludwig Frank, a Jew. While they admit that many of the revolutionary leaders were and are Jews—Eisner, Rosa Luxenburg, Hugo Haase, Oscar Cohn, and others—they deny that they are the "chief fomenters of revolution," and point to many Jews who are active in conservative movements. The brains of the Kapp rebellion, they hold, was an English Jew, Abraham Trebich-Lincoln, Dr. Kapp's chief coworker. The finances for the Nationalist movement came from Baron Rothschild, a prominent Jew.

But, in spite of the Jewish counter-propaganda, based on irrefutable facts, popular opinion persists in the belief, as expressed by Dr. Hein, the "peasant king of Bavaria," in his "Basserischen Kurier," that "the true winners of the war are not the French, or the English, or the Americans, but the Jews," and that the country is in the hands of the Jews. "Wealthy Jews like Mendelsohn, Witting, Rothschild, and Bleichroeder; journalists like Harden, Wolff, and Bernhard; scientists like Einstein, Ehrlich, and Haber; politicians like Preuss, Cohn, and Schiffer with his 'Frankfurter Zeitung,' 'Vossische Zeitung,' and 'Berliner Tageblatt;' and other powerful leaders, have the fate of the German people in their hands." Hence something must be done to restore Germany to the "true Germans."

In Austria and in Hungary the crusade against the "chosen people" is no less bitter than in Germany. In Austria popular hatred is intense, but all attempts to imitate the organized activity of the "true Germans" have failed. The Austrian persecution takes the form of violent and sporadic attacks on Jewish mobs—attacks having all the characteristics of Russian pogroms. In Vienna the police are often called upon to hold back frenzied mobs eager for action and bloodshed. In Hungary, where the Jewish population is quite large, the banner of anti-Semitism is borne by the Hungarian Fascisti. The handiwork of the Jew is seen by these Fascisti in the hunger, the poverty, the unemployment, the industrial and commercial depression, that have overtaken the country. Had the Jew been faithful to the Fatherland, they argue, all this would not have happened. Hungary would not have fallen so low.

Hungarian Fascismo rests solely on hatred of the Jew. It owes its very existence to the popular dislike of the Jew. In all Hungary, especially in Budapest, the Jews have succeeded in capturing the national wealth. Everything except the political control seems to be in their hands. They are hated because they have been able to avoid the prevailing misery. The aftermath of the war, with its social and economic change, has rendered the Magyar helpless. He would not stoop to the demands of the crisis. He would not work, nor would he engage in industry and commerce. He had been trained for the feudal life, for the army, the navy, the diplomatic service, and not for the shop, the factory, or the bank. The Jew, on the other hand, in his characteristic manner, has labored, earned, and saved. Hence the wrath of the "Awakened Magyars." "The Jews want to rule the country," says Friedrich, "and are leagued with the Lenines and the Trotskys." It does not seem possible that a people which controls the wealth of a country should desire to lose it by any experiments in Bolshevism.

That this wrath against the house of David should reach its climax in the defeated countries of Europe is quite significant. But it is also quite natural. A people which had hoped to dominate the world by means of force, a Junker caste which had thrived on hate and prejudice, and is now downed and humiliated, cannot return to sanity without giving final vent to the passions and the greed that dictated its downfall on the field of battle.

The Jew, for the Junker, is a weak enemy, but nevertheless an enemy. For the time being he will do!

AN INTERVIEW WITH FREUD

Raymond Recouly, the French publicist, has written for The Outlook a colorful account of an interview with Sigmund Freud, the Viennese psychologist, whose work has attracted world-wide attention—attention not always as intelligent as it is wide. The fact that, as M. Recouly says of Freud, "nothing forces us to believe him" does not obscure the large part which Freud's doctrines are playing in modern intellectual theories. M. Recouly's article will help to make the man behind the theories understandable.

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P. & A. Photos

The National Woman's Party had a celebration at Seneca Falls, New York, in honor of the group of women who, in 1848, met in convention at Seneca Falls and drew up a bill of rights known as the "Declaration of Sentiments." The photograph shows Mrs. Edward B. Gould, at the left, as Lucretia Mott and Mrs. E. M. Christopher, at the right, as Elizabeth Cady Stanton

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OF HUMANKIND

"Charles Dickens" and all his immortal characters recently appeared on the steps of the Town Hall at Portsmouth, England. They were taking part in a Dickens Pageant in the native city of the great novelist. How many of the characters can you identify?

International

International

In honor of the arrival of President Harding and his party at Wrangel, Alaska, the Indians of the ancient Thlinget tribe brought out their ancient war canoe, only used on state occasions. The warriors manned the oars while the chief stood in the stern of the boat. If this welcome had been staged by a pageant master, the costumes would have been more consistent, but they would have been less significant of the influence of modern civilization

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REJECTED

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

He was the difference between bronze and clay—
Not clear in outline, missing all the fine
Enduringness of metal; put away
Before completion, faulty in design.
He lacked, somehow, the vital thing that gives
A human warmth, a sensitive reserve,
To what is more than flesh: a grace that lives
Outside of any angle, plane, or curve.

Day after day he grew a bit more dim,
One of a million whom the Sculptor sought
Perfection for; and so we pitied him,
Well knowing how the spirit can be caught
In sterner stuff, dissembling our sublime
Contempt for the slow treacheries of time.

SALVAGE

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

WHAT would you do in a case like this? Billy Jones, aged twelve, had a stepmother who, to put it frankly, was not fond of Bill. As Bill would have put it, she made it "hot" for him. Bill's father was not a remarkably engaging character, and the continuous pow-wow made by his second matrimonial venture over Bill got on his nerves. It was healthier all around if Bill kept largely out of sight, for then the "old lady's" ire was not aroused and a man could live in quiet. So Bill's father began making it hot too.

Human nature has its limits of endurance. Bill finally reached the end of his, took some odd cash he found about the house, and went as far as he could get. By the use of much ingenuity and above-average ability, he went far on a small sum, but was captured, brought back, and taken into court as a juvenile thief.

Now many years back Bill would have been locked up and sent to a highly efficient crime school, optimistically called a "reformatory," and no doubt, like many others, he would have been "reformed" from a really decent potential citizen into an able and dangerous criminal. A broad-minded and imaginative judge here and there has done his bit to change all this. We are most of us aware of what the boy-in-trouble owes to Ben Lindsey, of Denver. We are rather sure in our minds how Lindsey would have managed with Bill and his parents. In Kansas City Judge Porterfield, most likely, would have seen Bill into the Boys' Hotel. Judge Osborne, of Newark, New Jersey, would have seen about getting him to Bonnie Brae Farm. Other cities would have variations of such fine institutions waiting for the boy-in-trouble if he were actually just a normal boy, and not definitely a juvenile criminal—just a normal boy who for some reason over which he had little or no control was "out of luck."

Now because many places, no doubt, are wondering just what to do with boys like Bill, and they are many, it might be interesting, if not valuable, to give an idea about these two very interesting institutions—the Boys' Hotel, of Kansas City, and the Bonnie Brae Farm, of Millington, New Jersey, for each one represents an answer to the question concerning Bill and his future, both answering excellently, and both planned to meet the distinctive needs of their different environments. One keeps the boy in the city, and the other in the country.

The Rotary Club of Kansas City has had much to do with the Boys' Hotel. It is significant how keen and effective an interest in Young America is possessed by business organizations such as the Rotary and the Kiwanis. In Kansas City a certain Bob Gees had much to do with it—a man very wise in the ways and needs of boyhood. Judge Porterfield had a hand in it, and so did many others. And it grew out of just such a need as I have mentioned—the need of a healthy, sane, cheerful, and helpful place where a boy could live who had either no home at all or a home in which he was conspicuously unwelcome. There are many such, more's the pity!

Now this Boys' Hotel is not a makeshift affair. Too often in city work of this kind any kind of building will do. But these folk thought that if it were to be a hotel it might just as well be a thoroughly first-class affair, fitted of course to the special needs of the young Americans who were to be the guests.

So they built a very attractive building. They made its interior very bright and cheerful, and, while anything but ornate, very comfortable, and as homelike as such an affair could be made. They provided a fine library. They built a corking good assembly room and auditorium, with a stage and everything, where entertainments are got up that more than rival in interest the unhealthily attractive amusements to be found outdoors. They wisely provided for the strongest appeal that can be made to a normal boy—through his muscles—and so built an excellent gymnasium and one of the cleanest, most attractive swimming-pools the writer has seen anywhere, all of course under expert management and oversight. They provided an amply equipped shop where elements of various industries could be learned. They provided several large, airy class-rooms where night schooling could be given the older boys, who of course were in offices or shops or the like during the daytime.

They provided an excellent dining-room, run cafeteria style, with an ample, tasty, nourishing, but properly simple menu; and that dining-room was as well behaved as any grown-up one, with no one standing on guard, either.

The boys are kept very busy—what with their jobs, or their schools, or their manual training, their gym, their pool, their library, their "shows," their sports, their band, and

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THE WIVES OF ROTARIANS COME WITH THEIR DARNING NEEDLES AND ASSORTED BUTTONS TO GO OVER THE LAUNDRY AND CLOTHES OF THE GUESTS OF THE BOYS' HOTEL OF KANSAS CITY

AT THE BOYS' HOTEL THEY DO NOT HAVE TO LEARN TABLE ETIQUETTE FROM A BOOK. HERE IS A GROUP OF BOYS OVERCOMING THEIR APPETITES IN THE MOST APPROVED FASHION WITH THE HELP OF A COMPETENT TEACHER

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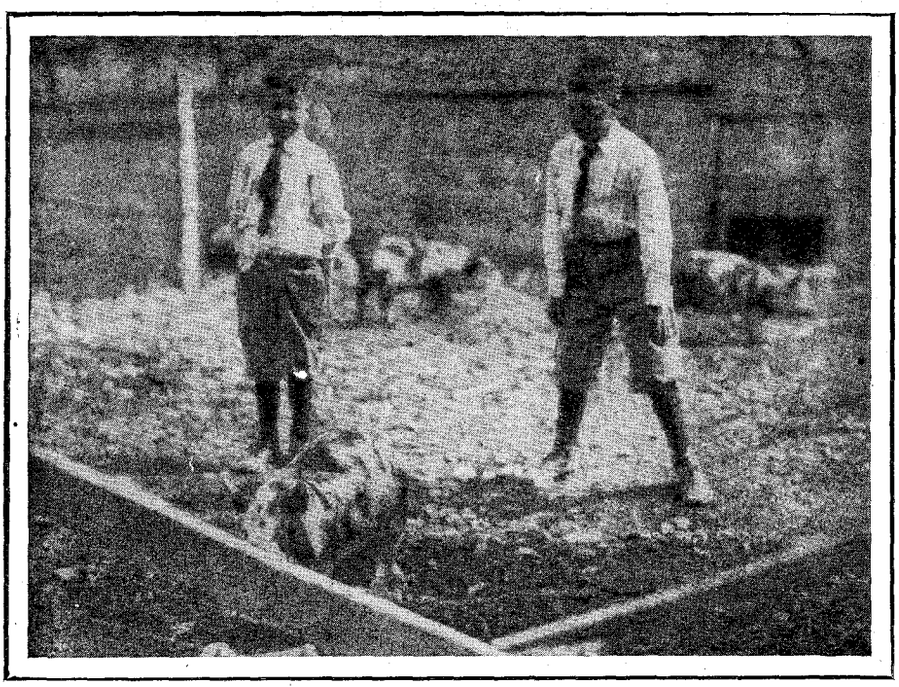

THE BONNIE BRAE BOYS VERY LARGELY RUN THEIR OWN FARM

so on—so that when bedtime arrives no one feels like skylarking and sleeping becomes a seriously cultivated business.

As is quite proper in a hotel, the older boys—who have jobs and who are paying their own way, I'd have you know, to an appreciable degree—well, these big fellows, who may be sixteen years old, most likely have rooms to themselves; small, of course, but scrupulously clean and homelike. The youngsters have "dormitories," shared by several boys together, with oversight anything but too conspicuous, but as efficient as seems necessary, and with general behavior left, as it should be, to the boys themselves.

It is a man's affair, this Hotel, but sometimes womenfolk regularly swarm it, as when the wives of Rotarians come with their darning-needles, assorted buttons, and the like and go over the laundry and garb of the guests of the Hotel. And the younger boys often experience, sometimes for the first time, the motherly touch which means so much to a boy.

The Boys' Hotel, then, answers the need of the boy who must be in the city. It provides the best possible environment under the circumstances, it provides the character training in a thoroughly normal manner. It looks after the physical development of course, and it gives all those who are capable a chance to stand on their own feet and pay as much of their own expenses as possible, while the small boys may be provided for by interested relatives or, this failing, by the good folk standing behind the Hotel. People who are interested in the problem of looking after the boy-in-trouble in a large city would do well, then, to look up the Boys' Hotel, of Kansas City, Missouri.

An entirely different proposition is Bonnie Brae Farm, answering beautifully the problem of the boy-in-trouble who can be taken out of the city. We all know—all of us who have thought over it at all—the effect of a busy country life on human character. There is a heap of virtue in getting acquainted with the soil, with digging into it, plowing it, harrowing it, growing foods and flowers out of it, living in the open atmosphere, with trees and hills for horizons, and the steadying effect of the innumerable light but useful duties inherent with life on a farm. And Bonnie Brae, I'd have you know, is a real farm. Some farms, you know, are as much like farms as the average Newport "cottage" is like—well, like a cottage!

The Billy Jones we began with was responsible for Bonnie Brae Farm, along with Judge Harry V. Osborne, before whom Billy was brought, who was a partner in the business. It did seem preposterous to put Bill in some reform school, when it was so obvious that the parents themselves needed the reforming and could not be given their just dues—legally.

So, with Billy as an object-lesson and Judge Osborne providing the ideas and energy, Bonnie Brae came into being. There is no ornate, "institutional" look about the place either. For, as I said, this is an honest-to-goodness farm, and let us hope that as time goes on the folk responsible for it remember that it is a farm, and keep in mind that the virtues of real farm life can never be replaced by the easy comforts of summer resorts.

Bonnie Brae occupies some hundreds of acres of rolling country. It has fine fields for growing things, it has good pasturage, it has an orchard, it has trees, cows, pigs, chickens, pigeons, a whale of a wood-pile (thanks be!), and, just over a little rise, and then down to a miniature valley, a first-class swimming-hole!

There is no great jam of boys at Bonnie Brae, but it is a large and vigorous family, if you please. The boys average about thirteen years of age, some coming quite young, and older boys standing on their own feet with real jobs when they leave the farm. Nor is there any wall about it. No one is on guard to keep the boys from going away. In fact, they *can* go if they *want* to! Do they want to? Not so you could notice it.

They walk a mile or two to school. Pity the poor city boy who has a school right around the corner or only a few blocks away, and no country lanes to tramp over, fall, winter, and spring. I believe you appreciate school more when you have to exert yourself to get there!

The Bonnie Brae boys are younger, on the average, than the Boys' Hotel fellows, so that all go to school, but they do a heap more than that. They very largely run that farm. And any one that knows about farms knows that a fairish large one can provide almost unlimited opportunity for keeping busy. And here is one of the prime secrets of bringing up boys right: they must be busy—busy with school, with practical duties, and with wholesome open-air play. Healthily and normally busy boys forget all about getting into unhealthy mischief, of which there are so many unpleasant kinds, and the folk who run Bonnie Brae know all about this as well as about farming.

And so here we have another solution of the problem presented by the boy-in-trouble. It is one provided by the country and the farm, especially for the younger boy, where he may live free from many temptations of city life, and where he can not only learn many good things through doing them, but can have his school, and his baseball, and the other immensely valuable and pleasant things necessary and dear to boyhood.

Bonnie Brae boys of course cannot well pay their way to such a degree as do the older ones in the Hotel. But they do pay some of it by cheerful and effective work about the farm—good friends helping. In Kansas City it is the Rotary. In Newark it is the Kiwanis, with a very big share supported by the Episcopal Church of that diocese.

Other cities have their forms of the Boys' Hotel, no doubt, and I have seen other Bonnie Braes; only these two seem to stand out as unusually well conceived and carried out. Perhaps you may find them both worth looking into.

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AND THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE!

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

Strauss

CLARENCE H. HOWARD

President of the Commonwealth Steel Company

THE days of hair-raising dime novels are past. Good reason why! The builders of American industry have completely outdistanced the characters of the old dime novel for genuine, gripping, saved-by-a-hair episodes. The real story behind the enterprise that will result in St. Louis becoming a great coke and steel producing center is filled with enough tense moments, hours, weeks, months, and years to fill a half a ton of Nick Carter's best.

The history of experimenting with Illinois coal for commercial coking purposes and the building of a gigantic coke and chemical plant and blast furnace is more than a story; it is a romance, and behind the romance a new picture of St. Louis with a multitude of belching smoke-stacks can be painted as a background.

As in all other enterprises, the successful carbonizing of Illinois coal into a superior grade of metallurgical coke is a story of men—men who picked themselves up as fast as they were knocked down, and in this enterprise they were knocked down a-plenty. But I am getting ahead of my story.

I have made several trips through the Southwest during the past few years. Each time I returned from Texas and Oklahoma through St. Louis I wondered why it was not possible for St. Louis to become a real commercial center as well as a geographical center. A year and a half ago I ran out to the plant of the St. Louis Coke and Iron Company at Granite City, a suburb of St. Louis. Mr. George W. Niedringhaus, President of the National Enameling and Stamping Company, took me through the plant. He told me a lot of its early history—the almost unbelievable struggles of those connected with the enterprise. Almost every one admires a fighter, and here was a whole flock of fighters. Not only were they interested in making a success of their own enterprise, but the real pulsating stimulus was the vision they had of a new smoke-stack city.

THE BUBBLE THAT DIDN'T BURST

They have won out. Dreams have been realized, visions changed from nebulous to physical facts.

I can still see Mr. Niedringhaus standing before me trying to reach my intelligence with the magnitude of the possibilities that would result from the successful operation of this plant I was going through. I left the plant bubbling over with enthusiasm, but the bubbling feeling did not last long. If I had caught an early train out of St. Louis, this story would have been written a year ago. However, that's neither here nor there. I wanted to talk to some of the bankers of St. Louis and to some of its leading business men. As I left the coke plant I was certain that any man I met would wax enthusiastic over this empire-building enterprise. I informed the first substantial business man I encountered that I had just returned from Granite City.

Moffett

WILLIAM G. MAGUIRE

President of the St. Louis Coke and Iron Company

Drawing from life by Carl Bohnen

GEORGE W. NIEDRINGHAUS

President of the National Enameling and Stamping Company

"Yep," he sarcastically began; "too bad this Maguire-Niedringhaus-Jones-Studebaker group went to pieces with this wild dream of theirs."

"Dream!" I echoed. "You call that coke plant a dream?"

"Surest thing you know," he answered. "A dream that's going to break a lot of people wide open."

"But," I said, "they're coking coal, aren't they?"

"Illinois coal?" he replied; "they think they are, but it's all hot air—it can't be done. Young fellow," he said, "listen to me. I have lived in this little old city a long time. We would have had Pittsburgh beat thirty years ago if it were possible successfully to coke the countless millions of tons of bituminous coal that lies in tremendous quantities right at our front door. The best engineers and chemists in the world have repeatedly stated that this coal cannot be successfully coked, and if this enthusiastic Roberts thinks he has more engineering intelligence than scores of the world's greatest, he has another think coming."

"But," I said, "this is not a stock proposition. These men have nothing to gain in fooling themselves. They have put all their own money in; they

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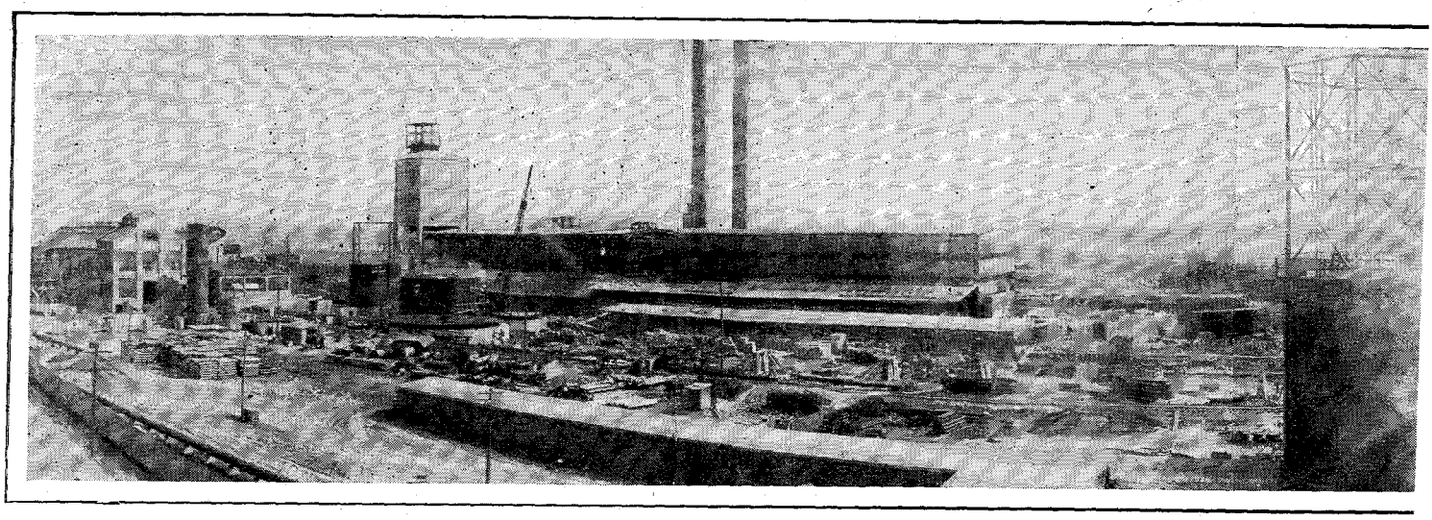

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE GROWING PL.

have not asked people to join hands. Surely, they know where they're at."

"Boy," he answered, sagely, "the financial graveyards of the United States are chock-full of men such as you have talked to this afternoon."

My informant was a hard-headed business man—a successful one; in fact, a St. Louis pioneer. However, he did not shake my confidence in the ability of the coke plant to carbonize Illinois coal, because I had seen it done with my own eyes. But I could not understand; why the wet blanket from St. Louis people?

Needless to say, I went back to New York without the proper amount of spirit to write the kind of an article the city deserved. A few months ago while in Chicago I met a group of substantial financiers of that city. To my surprise, they had the same confidence, the same enthusiasm, in the future of St. Louis I formerly had—all due to the tremendous industry that would be created by the definite economic advantage of coking Illinois coal that is being produced in great quantities within a few miles of the city. These Chicago business men visualized a great city based on the economic advantages offered. My spirits rose, my confidence in a greater St. Louis—the gateway to a new empire—again became grounded on a firm basis.

"Why, certainly," one of the bankers said. "One firm here in the Chicago district has used forty thousand tons of St. Louis coked coal in its blast furnace, and it has stood every test required." I hesitated no longer. I took the night train to the Mound City, and I spent a week going through its coke and steel plants and again becoming familiar with its possibilities.

SHOWING THE SHOW-ME BOYS

However, I found a new spirit in St. Louis this time. "The show me—I'm from Missouri" boys had been shown, and they are glad to admit it. And also they are quite willing to give credit where credit is due. I then got the story—one of the most romantic stories of American industry.

Arthur Roberts, a practical mining engineer, had experimented for years in an endeavor to carbonize Illinois coal. Of course he was working on something that noted experts said could not be done. In 1912 he made a fairly successful test in the coke ovens located at Gary, Indiana. Roberts felt that he was on the eve of the consummation of his dreams. A syndicate was formed in New York, and its plan was to place in operation a number of coke ovens in various sections of the Central and Western coal-producing areas. There was a great deal of talk, but little action; however, in 1915 a test was made in the ovens at Dover, Ohio, and so far as the inventor and those associated with him were concerned all doubts were removed regarding the success of carbonizing the bituminous coals mined in the Illinois fields.

Strauss

FESTUS J. WADE

President of the Mercantile Trust Company of St. Louis

About this time William George Maguire, Alfred C. Einstein, then the Vice-President of the Union Electric Light and Power Company of St. Louis, and George W. Niedringhaus, President of the National Enameling and Stamping Company, became interested in the enterprise, and these men succeeded in obtaining the wholehearted co-operation of Clement Studebaker, Jr., of South Bend, Indiana. After a great many heartbreaking attempts properly to organize a going concern covering a period of two years, during which time trips to Washington, Chicago, and New York became about as regular as the average commuter using the 5:15, in 1916 Einstein died, and Clement Studebaker took over his interests. Mr. Studebaker was enthusiastic, and offered to raise a million dollars. At this time Mr. Roberts succeeded, through Judge Grosscup, in interesting General Crozier, of the War Department. General Crozier immediately visualized the tremendous importance of this enterprise in prosecuting the war, and especially in using the by-products for war purposes. General Crozier agreed to furnish Government aid up to $10,000,000 to erect coke ovens. This was a start, but the difficulties that the men interested in the Roberts ovens had continually met with became greater than before. The very week that General Crozier became interested to the extent where he offered his definite aid the shake-up took place in Washington which removed the General, and again the enterprise was in deep water. President Wilson, however, became greatly interested. Personally, I have always had a great deal of regard for President Wilson's literary intelligence; he held my undivided respect as a statesman; but now I am convinced that he also had remarkably clear business vision. Mr. Roberts

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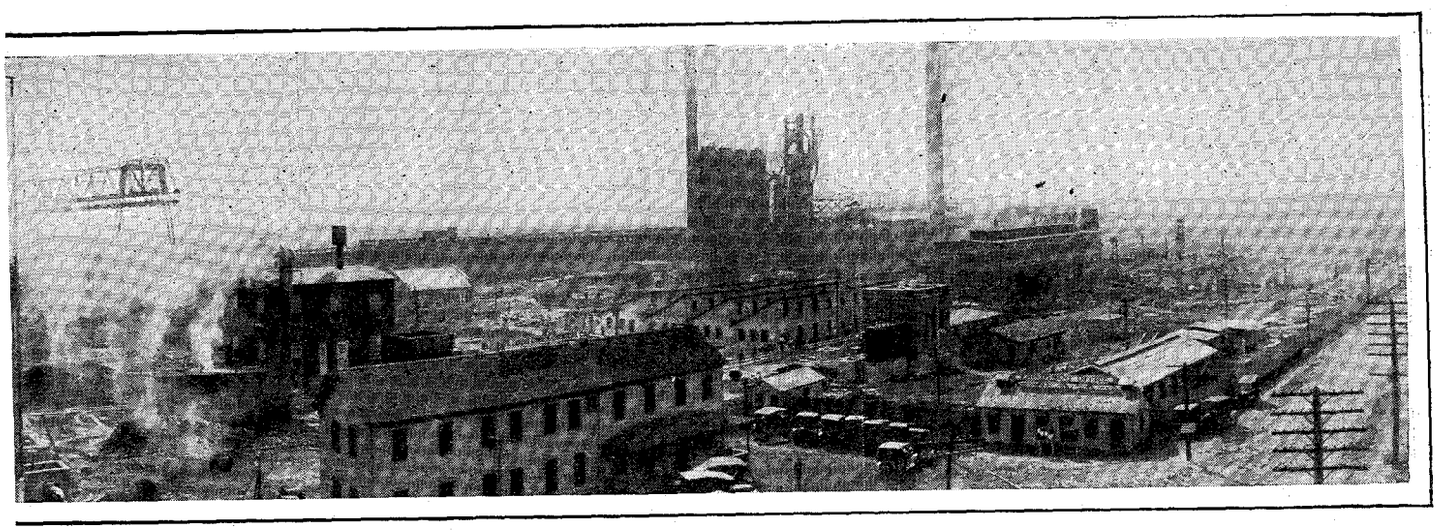


HE ST. LOUIS COKE AND IRON COMPANY

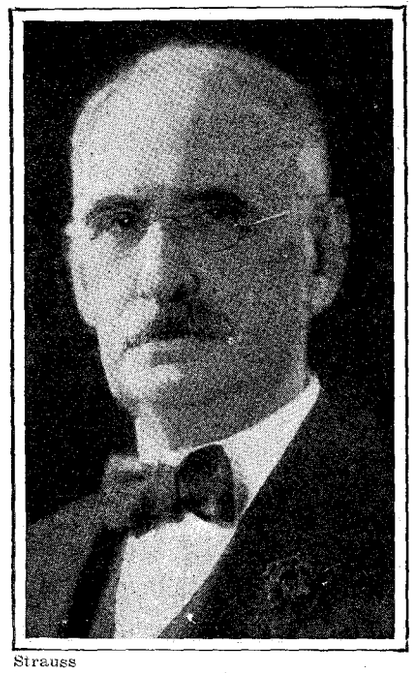
met President Wilson through Mr. William R. Wilder. Tests were made by the Government at Dover, and proved satisfactory. The final test was made in September, 1918.

Bernard Baruch, who had been approached regarding the enterprise, was never fully convinced that it would prove a success. There were many times when it seemed that the Government aid of $10,000,000 was assured; it never was realized, although the President's confidence was never shaken.

It would appear after these many heartbreaking years that the Maguire - Niedringhaus - Studebaker - Roberts group would have become discouraged. But not so. They finally decided that they would have to do it entirely themselves. They interested John Henry Hammond, of Brown Brothers & Company, New York City, and Breckinridge Jones, President of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company of St. Louis, and this group of men put up $5,000,000 in equal amounts, or $1,250,000 each, to erect an eighty-oven plant at Granite City. They also decided to build a blast furnace at the same time and produce pig iron. And so the building of the plant was started. Before completion, however, it was found that $750,000 extra was needed. This amount was raised equally by those already interested in the enterprise. Having entered an entirely new field, difficulties continued. When the $5,750,000 had been expended, it was learned that it would take $3,000,000 more. George W. Niedringhaus, John Henry Hammond, and Breckinridge Jones immediately subscribed the amount necessary. In January of 1920 a new difficulty presented itself, in that $5,800,000 additional was needed at once. The men behind the enterprise gasped; but they also sat right down and subscribed the necessary amount to complete the project. It never rains but it pours—and it began pouring now.

The plant opened on February 2, 1921. Large amounts of coal bought at peak prices and iron ore at its highest point resulted disastrously for the Coke Company. Pig iron dropped from $45 per ton to less than $20; coke, from $14 to less than $5; and the new company found itself coking coal and selling the product for less than the coal cost them in the first place. Ditto iron. For a heartbreaking year after that the plant operated at a heavy loss. However, there was no time when the confidence of the five men—Maguire, Niedringhaus, Jones, Studebaker, and Hammond—was shaken. Their friends had many times importuned them to quit. It went further than that—in two particular instances some of them were told to quit; but they didn't.

In the fall of 1921 a new era in the industry began. One of the largest users of coke for pig-iron reduction in the city of Chicago placed an order with the Coke Company for a large amount of coke running over a period of three months. This company, however, protected itself by placing a clause in its contract whereby it could cancel its agreement to take coke any time upon ten days' notice. It still had to "be shown." At the expiration of this agreement the St. Louis Coke and Iron Company had so fully demonstrated the metallurgical value of Illinois coal coked under the new process that the Chicago firm renewed its contract, having given the coke every possible test. This time, however, it placed a straight order, without the cancellation clause, for 250 to 350 tons per day for a long period. The plant was then operating on a basis of 1,500 tons of coke per day and about 500 tons of pig iron.



Strauss

JACKSON JOHNSON

President of the International Shoe Company of St. Louis

I might add that in addition to the large amounts of money that had been expended at the plant, $900,000 additional was needed to carry them through the period of depression in 1921. This amount was quickly subscribed by the financing group.

When it rains it pours; but, fortunately, there is no place on earth but that when it rains for long the sun finally comes out bright and strong. And so it is shining now for the coke and iron people. They reorganized in the spring of 1923, cut their overhead of $1,200,000 to $455,000, and, as a result, the company started earning profits just as rapidly as they had lost in the previous years. At the present time the enterprise is enjoying unqualified success in three ways—from a financial standpoint, from a pig-iron-producing standpoint, and from a coke-producing standpoint.

Pig iron manufactured in the great blast furnaces of the St. Louis Coke and Coal Company has been used very extensively by the Commonwealth Steel Company and the National Enameling and Stamping Company. I asked Mr. Howard, President of the Commonwealth Steel Company, what he thought of the locally produced pig iron, and he unhesitatingly replied:

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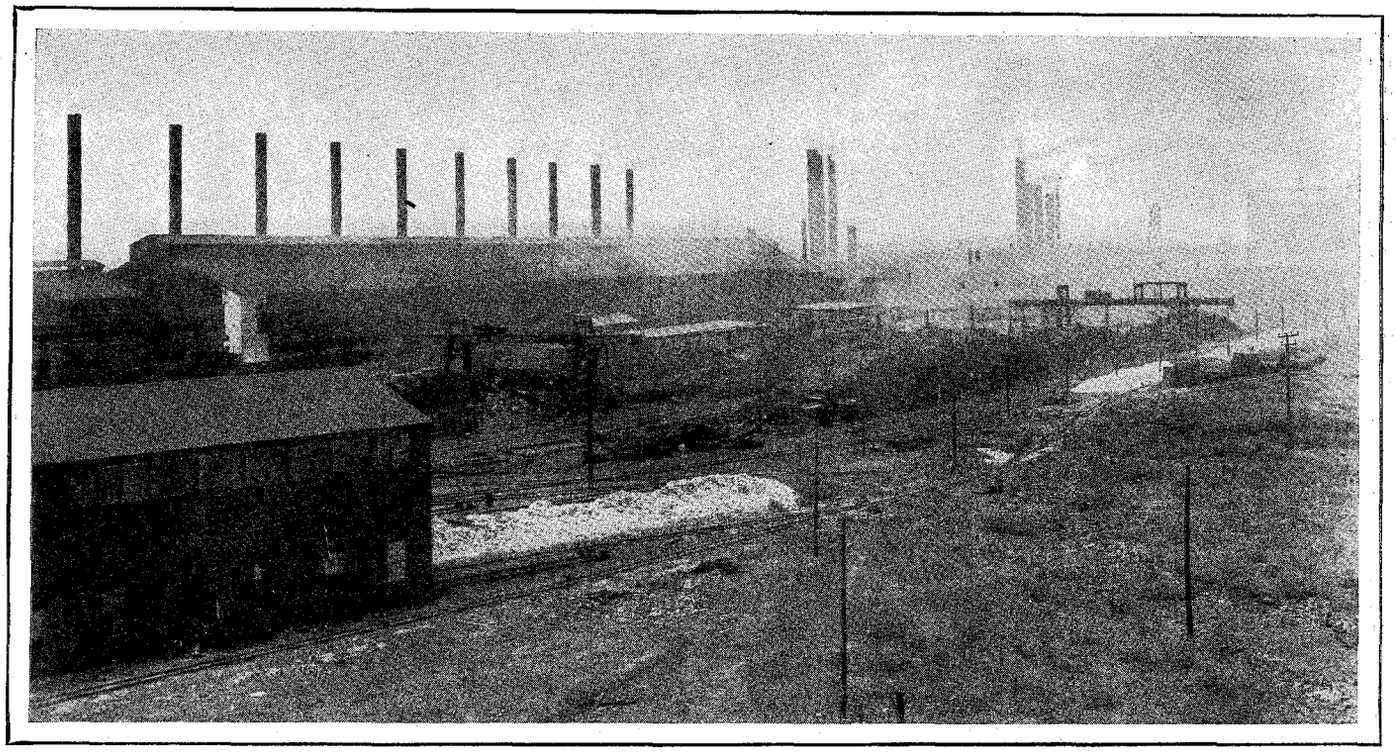

A SECTION OF THE NATIONAL ENAMELING AND STAMPING COMPANY

"No finer manufactured anywhere. I use every pound of it I can because I require in my business the best pig iron made." The President of the National Enameling and Stamping Company declared himself in more favorable terms even than that.

THE VISION OF JAMES J. HILL

I might add here that James J. Hill, the Northwestern empire builder, during a visit to St. Louis thirty-two years ago, in conversation with the father of George W. Niedringhaus, emphatically stated that St. Louis was the natural and logical center of a great steel industry, due to its geographical, railway, and waterway location, if the time ever arrived when Illinois coal could be successfully treated. At the time Mr. Hill made this statement it was a foregone conclusion that the Missouri iron mines would never be operated on a commercial basis. What a great change since Mr. Hill made this remarkable statement!

Now, after eighteen months' operation, with continuous effort on the part of the Coke and Coal Company to obtain better freight rates, iron ore can be brought from Minnesota to St. Louis more cheaply than it can be taken from the Great Lakes district to Pittsburgh. In other words, the St. Louis district gets the advantage of the freight on pig iron and its finished product from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, and couples with it the tremendous saving in freight on coke from Pittsburgh to the St. Louis district at the same time. Between these two great advantages, St. Louis is placed in a position whereby it cannot only, from an economic standpoint, compete with Pittsburgh, but it can flourish while doing it. Concretely speaking, the dream of James J. Hill has been realized.

But the bright sun that had brought a new dawn to the Mound City as a great commercial center did not stop shining here. After the coke and iron people had gone through all their grief—and every man connected with the enterprise has many more gray hairs now than he had when he started out—they woke up one morning, when their blast furnace was completed, to find that the old Aladdin's lamp story was no fairy tale at all. A new bolt from the blue struck them—this time favorably. Great deposits of iron ore were located in commercial quantities, practically in their dooryard.

Leonard A. Busby, of Chicago, who was well acquainted with the expert opinion that the famous Iron Mountain mine, which had produced millions of tons of iron ore in the Civil War and reconstruction period, believed in his own heart that tremendous deposits still remained. Mr. Busby purchased what was thought to be a stock farm containing 17,000 acres, on which was the supposedly extinct Iron Mountain. Mr. Busby didn't dare to tell his friends that he cherished the belief that iron in commercial quantities still existed in the mountain. He set some engineers to work, and in a short time they discovered tremendous iron deposits. At first St. Louis people could not believe it. They didn't dare to. It meant too much to the city's commercial progress; but, as engineer after engineer conducted searching examinations, the original engineer's reports were found to be not only true, but much too conservative. And now, within two hours' ride on the Missouri Pacific from St. Louis, a new ore field comes into the picture capable of producing two to three thousand tons per day indefinitely.

What does this mean to St. Louis? Everything!

The coke and iron crowd has fallen with its nose in the butter. Twenty-two million inhabitants of the St. Louis shipping district will greatly benefit from this new discovery. The St. Louis coke and iron manufacturers can now purchase Missouri ores and get deliveries at their plants for $3 per ton of pig iron less than the Pittsburgh steel mills can secure theirs. They can run fifty per cent Missouri ore, which is a very high quality, and fifty per cent Northern ore, and still beat Pittsburgh $2 per ton of finished pig iron.

THE ONLY AMERICAN COKE OVENS

The ovens used in the new process of the St. Louis Coke and Iron Company have a capacity of forty per cent more than any other coke company in the United States, with a coking time of three hours less than other ovens. It is the only coke plant in the United States that is an American invention, others being types invented and perfected in Belgium, Germany, and other European countries. Furthermore, this coke reduces about eight per cent more ore per ton of coke than other coke plants. However, the by-

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products of the coke plant are a very important asset, both to the country and the company. The plant has 80 ovens and a 500-ton capacity blast furnace; that is, it puts out 500 tons of pig iron per day. The average output of 1,500 tons of coke produces during the same period 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas, 17,000 gallons of tar, and about 50,000 pounds of ammonium sulphate. The extraction of benzol runs a little over two gallons to the ton of coal used; one-half gallon of toluol, which is used for making high explosives; one-quarter gallon per ton of solvent naphtha, used for automobile tires.

To make a ton of pig iron the following raw materials are required: iron ore, 4,480 pounds; coke, 1,800 pounds; stone, 500 pounds; air, 8,000 pounds.

Every ingredient necessary in manufacturing pig iron and coke are found within one hundred miles of St. Louis. The city itself actually stands on a great deposit of limestone.

However, the builders of the coke plant are not the only bright stars in St. Louis, by any manner of means. Twenty years ago the small institutions engaged in the steel industry were making a sorry failure of their courageous undertakings. With freight rates against them on both steel and coke, and the iron ores of Missouri having been declared nil, it was considered a foolhardy adventure at best to try to compete with their more favored neighbors. Of course it was the same story—it couldn't be done. Several individuals thought it could. Clarence Howard and George Niedringhaus were among those who had confidence in the steel-producing future of the city. Clarence Howard is one of the first men in the Central West who believed that with the Golden Rule applied to industrial undertakings he could, by a co-operative spirit inside the plant, build a really successful steel mill. He did. He took over an institution that owed $400,000. There was certainly no one at that time in the city who really believed acres of smoke-stacks would be the ultimate result of Mr. Howard's efforts.

Mr. Howard began by making castings that they didn't make anywhere else in the country. He began making something that other people said couldn't be made. But he has built up a tremendous success by doing things that others said couldn't be done.

A GOLDEN RULE EMPLOYER

Year by year new stacks were added, until to-day the Commonwealth Steel Company, with Clarence H. Howard as president, employs 2,700 men, ships steel castings to all parts of the world, and is the pioneer in making complete car-frame castings of an indestructible quality. The plant in Granite City attracts the attention of great steel men all over the world. Mr. Howard has spent a great deal of money in experiments, is always trying something new, and, although he has had many setbacks, in the majority of cases he has won out. As a Golden Rule employer he has no superior in this or any other country. I walked through his great plant with him, and the visible admiration displayed by every man in the works as he passed, the quick nod of recognition, the bright smile, told the real story behind this remarkable "fellowship" man. He has had the unwavering and enthusiastic support of his entire working force all the time. They know him and like him, and the loyalty of a large majority of the workers to the company and the company's tremendous interest in every worker was the foundation stone of the tremendous success of the organization.

As I walked through his plant he pointed to a large building just under construction that cost over a million dollars. "The latest addition?" I queried. "Yes," he answered, "the latest, but not the last. We're enlarging all the time."

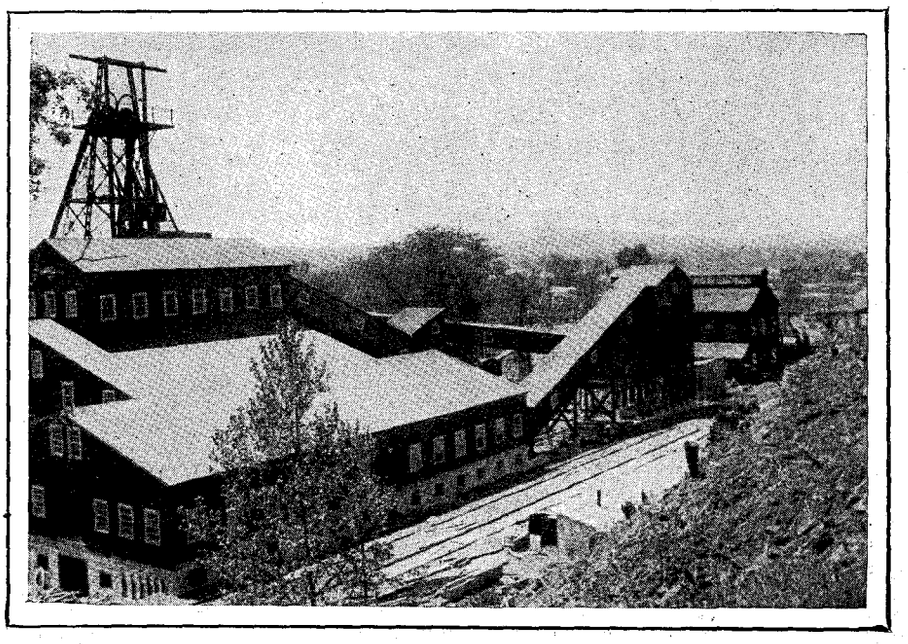
George W. Niedringhaus began where his father left off. He erected an enameling and stamping mill, and does a tremendous business in roll plate. He took hold of the enterprise when it was tottering, and against the advice of some of his best friends. To-day, after a little more than twenty years of ups and downs and hurdling seemingly insurmountable difficulties, the National Enameling and Stamping Company works cover acres of ground, employ 3,000 men steadily, and produce 450,000 tons annually.

George Niedringhaus undoubtedly had more ups and downs than any other pioneer in the St. Louis steel industry. When his father constructed the first modern steel plant at Granite City, the first years were heartbreakers; heavy losses were sustained, and when the founder died and George W. took over the management of the embryo enterprise Granite City was flooded, and for a time it appeared that the entire steel works would be a total loss. It was a staggering setback at best, but Mr. Niedringhaus, who has a remarkable commercial vision and a bulldog determination, fought down every obstacle that arose, and to-day acres and acres of smoke-stacks graphically bear out the soundness of this pioneer's optimism and confidence.

Harry Scullen, President of the Scullen Steel Company, one of the largest independent steel foundries in the world, decided when the war closed that it was time to add a rolling mill to his plant. During the war St. Louis had gained a world-wide reputation as a steel-casting center. With the closing of the war and the cancellation of war-material production, the business of selling steel reached that point where freight rates and raw materials determined whether steel concerns failed or flourished.

Harry Scullen, like George Niedringhaus and Clarence Howard, got busy, looked over the map, and decided that with the successful carbonizing of Illinois coal and economical reduction of Missouri iron ores St. Louis would be the center of a vast steel industry.

Harry Scullen saw the opportunity of putting in a rolling mill, which he did. He wasn't taking any great chances on this new undertaking, because George Niedringhaus had al-



THE MILL, ORE BINS, AND POWER PLANT OF THE IRON MOUNTAIN COMPANY

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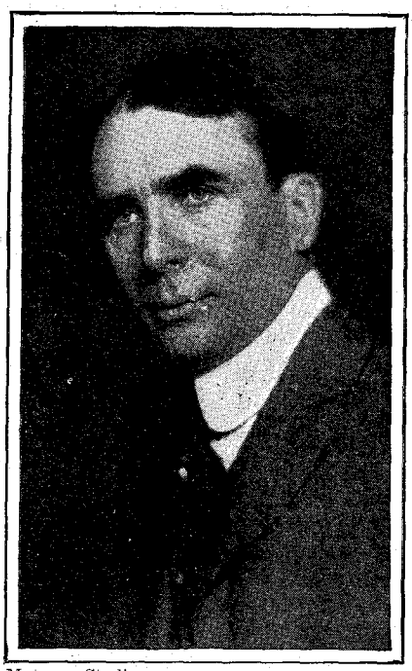
ready demonstrated the success of rolling-mill operation in the St. Louis district. But Harry Scullen, like George Niedringhaus and Clarence Howard, is a man of great determination, and, due to his vision and energy, his company completed in 1920 one of the most modern and efficient rolling mills in the United States for the production of structural steel and merchant bar. The Scullen plant, located in the city limits of St. Louis, covers thirteen acres.

The Laclede Steel Company was formed about 1916, under the guiding genius of Thomas R. Akin, formerly connected with the Republic Iron and Steel Company. They operate two plants of considerable size—one at Alton, and one at Madison, a suburb of St. Louis. They roll strip steel, bar iron, and sheets. Their steel is of a high quality, as evidenced by the fact that sheets are shipped as far East as Detroit, in competition with Pittsburgh and Chicago mills.

One of the most important new industries coming to St. Louis is the American Locomotive Company. This organization purchased two hundred acres in Granite City, a short distance from the other steel concerns established there. They have plans drawn to construct a plant at an approximate cost of $15,000,000, with a capacity of finishing 150 locomotives a month. According to one of the executive members of the American Locomotive Company, the assembling of engines at St. Louis will result in a saving on freight alone amounting to about $1,500.

A RAILWAY HUB

It might be well to say here that there are 26 railways radiating from the Mound City. Forty per cent of America's railways emanate from this



Matzene Studio

LEONARD A. BUSBY

Chairman of the Finance Commitee of the National Security League

favorable spot. In other words, four out of every ten railway engines for American delivery can leave the St. Louis locomotive plants on their own rails. *Eighty-five per cent of the materials going into the building of a locomotive can be produced in the St. Louis district,* and experts declare that production of the remaining material necessary will eventually obtain.

I do not want to convey the idea that St. Louis is a baby in the metal-producing industry. It is not. St. Louis produces fifty-five per cent of the open-hearth castings manufactured in the United States. The impetus that will be given to the Mound City's commercial future by the commercial coking of Illinois coal and the reduction of pig iron in local blast furnaces can only be visualized by the most optimistic St. Louis business man.

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE

I can still vividly picture Leonard A. Busby across the table from me in the Chicago Club a few days ago. He solemnly declared that, in his opinion, the pioneers in the carbonizing of Illinois coal deserved every bit as much credit for the development of their enterprise, which means so much to the entire Southwest, as the original pioneers who came up the Mississippi River and discovered the site on which St. Louis now stands.

Mr. Busby fell into a reminiscent mood. "Yes," he said, quietly, "I can picture young Maguire, just rounding his thirty-eighth year, optimistically and enthusiastically meeting every reverse that followed him and his associates for so many months and years; I can see George Niedringhaus knitting his eyebrows when he was called on to meet payments that actually hurt; and Breckinridge Jones, with a J. P. Morgan vision, fearlessly backing the enterprise during its darkest days; and," he mused, "I am just wondering which vision spurred them during the most trying periods of their endeavors—the great city of smokestacks that would result from their labors or the great ovens and blast furnaces that they themselves were constructing. I think it was the former. Of course," he went on, "nothing succeeds like success. Practically every great enterprise in the United States in the last one hundred years has been founded by men who have accomplished just what these intrepid St. Louisans have accomplished. They have done, and done well, what even the wisest experts said 'couldn't be done.'"

RED MEN IN GAS BUGGIES

That is the picturesque side of the Oklahoma oil business. It supplies the color for

SHERMAN ROGERS'S

human story of wells that spout wealth. He has written for The Outlook a clear-cut account of the men and the methods that are bringing millions of dollars, not only to the blanket Indians of Oklahoma, but also to the whole field of American industry.

The story will appear in an early issue.

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THREE CITY-BRED JEWS THAT THE FARMER TRUSTS

BY SILAS BENT

THREE men, all Jews, all city-bred and college-bred, are today the trusted advisers and leaders of the American farmer. Bernard M. Baruch, who made his millions on the New York Stock Exchange; Eugene Meyer, Jr., formerly a Wall Street banker; and Aaron Sapiro, who has an office within the very shadow of the "Money Trust," are outstanding figures in teaching the farmer to think straight. Thereby they are serving his wide-flung effort to become master of the prosperity to which he is entitled. This means that the farmer trusts these "city slickers."

Despite their similarities in race and training, the three men are distinct types. Baruch is the kind who, when confronted with extreme difficulties, wastes no time complaining or whining; he finds a way out. Meyer is a super-salesman; it was he who "sold" to the Administration the plan of converting the War Finance Corporation to the salvation of farm credits. Sapiro is a master of the mechanics of operation; it was he who brought co-operative selling to success on a vast scale. Baruch has a constructive mind, Meyer a persuasive mind, Sapiro an adaptive mind. Each is serving the farmer in a different capacity, but their activities interlock.

On certain points these three are one. They are teaching the farmer that inflation is no remedy for his financial difficulties, and that "cheap money," like painless dentistry, often leaves an abscess; they are teaching him that there is no conspiracy against him on the part of big business; they are even holding up to him the best methods of big business as a model to emulate and imitate.

There are those who say Baruch's interest in rural betterment is chiefly sentimental. On his mother's side he comes of a line of farmers, and when he was a small boy he used to drive through the countryside around Camden, South Carolina, with his father, a practicing physician. He was struck even then by the hard work the farmers did, by the misery of their fever-stricken hovels, by their hopelessness. His father had been a field surgeon in General Lee's army, and the country folk were fond of the son. They called him by his first name; and in later years, when Baruch was at the height of his brilliant career on the Stock Exchange, they used to gather around him when he went back to Camden on a visit. "Come on, Barney," they would urge; "tell us how you licked the Yankees in Wall Street."

Baruch has a long memory for his friends, and old times had made his heart soft to the farmer, but if he were not helping there he would be in some other public service. When President Wilson called him from Wall Street during the World War to serve in various capacities—as Chairman of the War Industries Board and finally as economic adviser at Versailles—Baruch was bitten by the bug of public service. He has never said

(C) Harris & Ewing

BERNARD BARUCH

so, to me at least, but I am persuaded that he made up his mind then to put his unusual equipment at the command of his fellows. He is capable of that sort of resolution, and the farmer is fortunate in having taken a prior lien on his experience and long-headedness.

Agriculture's first call for Baruch's services was due to his work on the War Industries Board. The Kansas State Board of Agriculture asked whether he would help solve the marketing problem of that State. It is possible that when the call came there rose before Baruch's eyes a vision of those South Carolina farm hovels, with half-clad children tumbling about in the dust. He went to Kansas. He remained there ten days, studying the situation as he would study any business problem. And then he returned to New York and wrote a business report, telling what must be done to substitute a profit for a State-wide deficit.

That document traveled far. It made its way, not only all over the United States, but to South America and other countries as well. And presently the Committee of Seventeen of the American Farm Bureau Federation called on Baruch in New York to ask for his help. Afterward a member of that Committee boasted in Washington:

"We've retained Bernard Baruch as adviser."

"It must have been a whopping retainer fee," was the comment.

"Not a penny, now or ever," said the committeeman. "Mr. Baruch told us our confidence was his retainer."

For you must see that it was flattering to this Wall Street product to have tendered to him the good will and faith of a body of men always distrustful of Wall Street and hostile to it.

But when the United States Grain Growers' Corporation asked Baruch to serve as chairman of its Financial Committee he declined. He consented to act as adviser, and is still acting in that capacity; and he has been an adviser on most of the legislation looking to farm relief in Congress. He saw at the outset that farming as an industry had grown into asymmetric form, that the producer was not on an equal footing with the buyer, and that certain legislative changes as well as many changes in business administration were necessary before the farmer could hope to reap a fair profit on his efforts.

Baruch did not think then, and does not think now, that the farmer was, or is, entitled to special privileges, but he began casting about for ways to put agriculture on an even keel; for he saw clearly that in many respects it was at grave disadvantage. He did not dismiss the farmer's complaints as baseless. On the contrary, after investigation, he set forth the following proposals:

First. Storage warehouses for cotton, wool, and tobacco, and elevators for grain, of sufficient capacity to meet the maximum demand on them at the peak of the marketing period. The farmer thinks that either private capital must furnish these facilities or the State must erect and own the elevators and warehouses.

Second. Weighing and grading of agricultural products, and certification thereof, to be done by impartial and disinterested public inspectors (this is already accomplished to some extent by the Federal licensing of weighers and graders), to eliminate underpaying, overcharging, and unfair grading, and to facilitate the utilization of the stored products as the basis of credit.

Third. A certainty of credit sufficient to enable the marketing of products in an orderly manner.

Fourth. The Department of Agriculture should collect, tabulate, summarize, and regularly and frequently publish and distribute to the farmers full information from all the markets

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of the world, so that they shall be as well informed of their selling position as buyers now are of their buying position.

Fifth. Freedom to integrate the business of agriculture by means of consolidated selling agencies, co-ordinating and co-operating in such way as to put the farmer on an equal footing with the large buyers of his products and with commercial relations in other industries.

That programme presents in compact form the agricultural problem, and its third and fifth items are of special relevance here, because they had already engaged the attention of Meyer and Sapiro, the other men in this trinity of counselors. These two, it so happens, are Californians.

Baruch took Eugene Meyer to Washington. Born in Los Angeles and graduated from Yale, young Meyer had studied banking and international finance in Europe before he attracted Baruch's attention in Wall Street. During one of the numberless Congressional investigations Baruch was put on the stand and was asked incidentally about his subordinate on the War Industries Board. He declared that he would be willing to trust his entire personal fortune to Meyer's judgment and integrity.

"Is this man still alive?" one of the investigators asked.

"Certainly," said Baruch.

"I didn't suppose," said the Congressman, "that things like that were ever said of a man until after his death."

After the War Finance Corporation, created to meet the emergency of conflict, had been permitted to lapse, it was revived to help American business through the post-war slump; and Meyer took charge of it at that time. At Baruch's suggestion, he turned his attention to the needs of the American farmer, particularly in the export end of his business. He investigated the situation in Atlanta and New Orleans, questioned bankers and shippers, and found that the European buyer no longer wanted cotton on credit, owing to the violent fluctuations of exchange; he wanted to buy it outright from warehouses in his own country, at the rate of exchange then prevailing. And so Meyer made advances to exporters to carry stocks abroad. Other advances were made on cotton stored here which was under contract for sale abroad.

Then there came a decisive change, in that loans were made on cotton held here with a view to export—a change in policy helpful to wheat and tobacco producers as well. The methods of the War Finance Corporation were changed under Meyer's management, to use his own words, "from assistance in financing immediate export on deferred payment to assistance in financing deferred exports for prompt payment." The new methods applied of course to other than farm exports. Dairymen, canners, and manufacturers benefited from it. But it was of greater importance to the American farming community than a dry statement of the fact is likely to bring home to other people. It enabled the farmer to adjust his business to new

(C) Clinedinst, from Keystone

EUGENE MEYER, JR.

conditions abroad and to market his commodities much more gradually than ever before.

It was the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association, organized in Mississippi by Aaron Sapiro, which first requested assistance under the new plan; and other co-operatives, on Sapiro's advice, were soon in the list of applicants. In all Meyer has been instrumental in advances to them of more than $172,000,000. This is aside from more than $75,000,000 to live-stock loan companies, and more than $182,000,000 to rural banks.

Let us look a little further into the co-operative way of doing farm business, the fifth item of the Baruch programme.

When Kentucky Burley tobacco growers, who had prospered during the war, found themselves on the verge of bankruptcy because their product, which had sold as high as 46 cents a pound, was being auctioned in some instances as low as half a cent in January, 1921, they did not begin "night riding," as they had thirteen or fourteen years before. Instead, they sent Judge Robert W. Bingham, owner of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," to New York to ask Baruch what they should do. He had reached the conclusion that co-operative marketing of farm products was economically sound, and he advised that a competent man be enlisted to organize the Kentucky growers. The man he recommended, after searching inquiries, was Aaron Sapiro. Until then he had not known about the Californian's work.

Sapiro was reared in an orphan asylum. He stands as another personal proof that none is too poor to succeed in this country. He and his brother educated themselves in law, but they agreed that they would take no divorce cases, no claims for damages, no bankruptcies, no defensive "criminal" cases. They would do constructive work. This so restricted the field that, casting about for a class of business not adequately represented in the courts, they hit upon the farmer, and began studying his problems. Today Aaron Sapiro, still well under forty, is attorney for sixty farm co-operatives, half of which he organized; and he has recently been retained by the American Farm Bureau Federation. His brother looks after the San Francisco office, while Aaron oscillates between New York, Dallas, and Chicago.

When the Farm Federation retained Sapiro, it was a definite avowal of faith in what is known as "the Sapiro plan" of co-operative selling, first brought to its flower on the coast. It probably forecasts a more rapid spread of the organizations throughout the country.

Farm co-operatives are an old story. Nor has the story always had a happy ending. Sapiro achieved success because he drew a sharp line between co-operative buying and co-operative selling. This was his first great service. The Rochdale associations in England, the Swedish and Russian associations, had been formed in recognition of the economic absurdity that the farmer bought at retail prices, but sold at wholesale. They successfully enabled him to buy his fertilizer and seed, even his implements and clothes, at wholesale prices; and they were in a general way the models when farmers in this country decided to organize for selling purposes.

Sapiro did some straight thinking on this point. All of us are buyers and sellers to some extent, but in each capacity each person is a distinct economic entity. Sapiro explained the distinction to the farmer. This is not intended to be an article on the co-operative movement, and it will be enough to say that Sapiro requires that farmers and planters representing at least seventy-five per cent production of any crop shall sign agreements to deliver all their product for five years continuously to a central selling agency. They are then to return to their farms, forget markets, and produce the best crops they can, in accordance with the advice of the central agency as to quantity and quality. The co-operative agency at-

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tends to grading the product and placing it where it is needed at prices which will show a fair profit. In the case of tobacco and cotton and wheat of course this involves leasing warehouses for the five-year period. At the expiration of that time any member of a co-operative who is dissatisfied with its operation may withdraw.

Sapiro has never organized a co-operative which has failed. The sixty he represents market annually products priced at more than $400,000,000. He reorganized the United States Grain Growers, Inc., after it had run up an indebtedness of several hundred thousand dollars without marketing any grain; and Baruch is now on its Advisory Board. He is not only assisting tobacco men in Kentucky and Tennessee, but in Connecticut and Massachusetts; wheat growers in the Middle West, broom-corn raisers in Oklahoma, milk producers around Chicago, potato growers in Maine; and, in addition to many other Americans, is telling Canadians how it is done. "The Sapiro plan" of co-operation is spreading over the whole continent.

Co-operation does not mean merely member loyalty to signed agreements. It means, if it is to be successful, expert selling. Only thus can the farmer hope for a larger share of the market dollar. California producers, for instance, are now getting 48 cents of the consumer's dollar, where formerly they got but 8 cents. The raisin growers of that State spent a million dollars last year in advertising. This was to offset the inroads bootleggers and smugglers had made into the trade, which had thriven on the demands of home brewers. A new outlet was imperative, and so a five-cent package was devised and advertised; and in this new market 400,000,000 of the packets were sold within a year.

The price of raisins nevertheless continued to advance. They had sold at one time as low as 2 cents a pound. Under co-operative methods they were advanced to a fraction more than 11 cents in 1919, and the Department of Justice threatened action; but raisin-growing had now become so profitable that more and more raisin-grape vines were being planted, so that the prospect is that the 1926 crop will be close to 300,000 tons. How sell such a quantity at 11-cent levels? The handwriting on the wall was clear enough. Last year the price was reduced to 8½ cents, to pave the way for bigger crops. Economic law had regulated the matter more effectively than tedious legal machinery could have done it. Inexorable supply and demand were at work.

California apples sell on the New York market, although better apples are raised up State in New York. California eggs have the same record, although they are eighteen days old before they reach the market, in competition with hen-roosts near by. The California poultrymen and apple-growers practice scientific co-operative methods of distribution and selling, and as yet New York poultrymen and apple-growers do not.

The case of the raisins may set at rest disquieting thoughts about the punishment of the consumer through

Pirie MacDonald

AARON SAPIRO

all this science in producing and marketing. Such thoughts were voiced once by Judge Elbert H. Gary at a dinner in New York, and Baruch answered him in this fashion: "Even though the farmers should be able," he said, "and unwisely should attempt to fix an unfair price for such commodity, they could persist in doing so only for a short time, because they have neither the necessary credit to carry their products nor the necessary ability to control their production—ends so easily accomplished by the manufacturing industries."

Baruch and Meyer have been especially useful to the farm co-operatives in defending them against the attacks of the Garys. They too talk the language of high finance. It is this that makes them unique. The agricultural community has other leaders. J. R. Howard is President of the American Farm Bureau Federation, with a membership of more than a million; and Gray Silver is its Washington representative, coadjutor, and, some say, boss of the farm bloc in Congress. But these men have been "dirt farmers," and, although both of them have a firm grasp of economic principles, their words do not carry the same weight in Wall Street as do the words of former Wall Street luminaries. As for the might of Baruch and Meyer with the farmer, it rests finally on the farmer's conviction that they are disinterested.

All three of these men have told the farmer that the banker is not his natural enemy, as he has so long supposed. They have demonstrated to him that banking credit is at his disposal when he puts himself on a business basis. They have had the audacity to hold up before him as an example and a model the methods of big business, so long his pet abomination. Both Baruch and Sapiro are fond of citing the corporation of which the critical Judge Gary is the head in driving home the lesson of production and distribution.

The United States Steel Corporation, the farmer is reminded, does not dump the product of a year's effort at the doors of the plants where the product is manufactured. If it did, a group of middlemen would come into being which would say to the steel men (even as a certain group says to the farmers) that the output is large and the market uncertain, and so would pay small prices, while exacting high prices from the consumer on the ground that deliveries were precarious.

No, the Steel Corporation owns its iron mines, its coal mines, its lake and land and ocean transportation, its coke, blast, open-hearth, and Bessemer furnaces, its rolling and tube mills; it has its own selling policy, and frequently stabilizes the entire market; it has its own export agency. It represents about forty per cent of the production in its field, and its competitors are big concerns, organized on lines similar to its own. They do not permit some one else to grade their product. They send steel rails to the point where steel rails are required, and send the sort of steel rails needed.

Why cannot the farm industry be integrated in some such fashion? This is what Baruch and Meyer and Sapiro are asking.

It can be done—probably—but not all of it is being done as yet. The farmers are still permitting others to own the gins to which they send their cotton and the mills to which they send their wheat. Their first step has been in co-operative distribution, and in this all three of their city-bred advisers have given them counsel and practical help. The farmer has been kept a generation in the rear of American civilization by reason of the poor return on his labor. He is a generation beneath the American standard of living. So poorly is he paid that at first he was extremely unwilling to pay big salaries for business brains. That was one reason why earlier co-operative movements failed. It was one of the things to be changed.

The farmer's new leaders persuaded him that there was nothing inherently bad about sitting at a desk and bossing a job instead of working with one's hands. The new leaders taught him not to shudder at the thought of a $10,000-a-year man in a non-produc-

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tive post. They told him why Charlie Schwab was worth a million a year to the Steel Corporation and why Sam Vauclain got a comfortable fortune annually from the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and why Daniel Willard drew a fat salary from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Now that he has learned the lesson, $30,000 men are not uncommon in co-operative executive positions.

The farmer is a rank individualist. His new leaders are telling him that mass production and distribution are the secret of American commercial success. They are showing him why that is so. They are taking the individualist edge off him on his business side. Sapiro says that in ten years all the farmers in the United States will be co-operatively organized. He and Meyer and Baruch see that the road from the present—or recent—morass to higher ground is economic. Together they see the farm problem as a whole, and between them they are able to apply sound remedies to local conditions. They are not visionaries, except in so far as they vision a brighter future for the farmer. They are not evangelists of panaceas. They are fighting the farmer's battles by the approved methods of big business. They are trained, adroit, hard-headed, and public-spirited Jews.

THE BURNING HILL

BY ABBIE HUSTON EVANS

THE Burning Hill, they call it; long ago,
A generation since, the coal took fire;
Men fought the flame a while, but came to know
It ate too deep and crept too slow to tire.

Sometimes at night men wandering on the hill
See small blue-pointed flames play through a crack,
And know the ancient fire is gnawing still
At the hill's core, red eating up the black.

Yet some day will the last black inch be ash
In the last alley burrowing underground,
And the whole hill stand full of clinkered trash,
A burned-out-furnace, one great cinder-mound.

—Oh, what of buried fires that show no spark,
Burning away a lifetime in the dark?

A SON OF PERICLES

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

BEFORE Dimitrios Papalexis was a soldier he was a poet and a bootblack.

In justice to Dimitrios, one might add that his shines were more enduring than his sonnets.

His friends called him James; he was Americanized, nineteen, handsome. Fifteen hours a day he worked in a "downstairs shop" on Fourth Avenue. And, since the patron was a kind man who permitted his employees to keep half of the tips they received, James had a bank account. When his room-mate went to the movies, James wrote blank verse in a five-cent note-book or filled his pockets with lyrics painfully scrawled on the back of theater programmes.

The patron was kindly. One afternoon he called Dimitrios in the liquid Greek sylables of their familiar speech.

"Do you, Dimitrios, to put on your best clothes. There is a meeting at the Greek Consulate, and a big man has come from Athens to talk. Yes, he has come from the King himself. It will be very fine. You, Dimitrios, shall be our delegate at the conference. Yes, Dimitrios Papalexis, Ambassador from Fourth Avenue. If you tell them your title, they will let you to be seated on the platform."

The other boys in the shop laughed at the patron's joke. James laughed, too, and hurried away to wash his hands.

It was a large meeting, flavored with oratory and garlic. At the end a fat man in a frock coat who wore a gold-and-scarlet ribbon across his shirt front leaned out over the edge of the platform. He looked straight at James Papalexis.

"Men of Greece," he cried, "your brothers die. I can tell you of that long, thin line of Greeks between the hatred of Islam and the peace of Europe. They die for Greece, they die for you. This is their burden and their pride, these saviors of the Christian world.

"Sons of Pericles, your King, your country, calls you. Sons of Pericles, remember your ancient glory. To arms, Athenians!"

The next morning, while the stout gentleman of the frock coat and the ribbon breakfasted with a party of diplomats, James Papalexis held a brief conversation with the paying teller of the savings bank. About noon he called at the office of a steamship company.

The Theater Royal in Athens is the toy of the Court.

One warm autumn afternoon a line of soldiers struggled with a good-natured, jesting mob which had gathered there to watch the Court ladies walk from the lobby to their automobiles. At the end of the line of guards stood a boy, a conscript. He handled his musket as if he were afraid it might explode in his hands.

One by one the princesses of the blood, the princesses, the ladies-in-waiting, tripped between the double

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row of guards and were whirled away to the palace. James Papalexis in his misfit, faded uniform, which had been stripped from a dead man the winter before, reflected that he was a portion of the dike between the turbulent mob and the soft, scented luxury of royalty. He could not understand the applause of the people. It seemed that they liked the "Dollar Princess" who spent their money and their blood with such graceful abandon. As soon as he finished his tour of duty James decided that he would write an ode. He would name it "Democracy" and dedicate it to the Stars and Stripes.

Closely following the last group of Court ladies and officers strolled an elderly man in the uniform of the Red Cross. He was talking with the First Secretary of the American Embassy. At the sound of their voices James Papalexis raised his eyes; he was homesick, lonesome, and very miserable. The sound of the English words made him long intensely for the old shop on Fourth Avenue and the kindly patron who encouraged the boys to keep one-half their tips.

"By-by," said the Red Cross man to the Secretary. "I go in the morning."

"Go? Go where?"

"The front. I've taken command of a surgical unit attached to the First Army."

"Good Lord, Doctor," objected the Secretary, "you're too old! You're crazy! The typhus will get you, and even if it does not, you're no use out there. You don't speak the language."

"I know two words."

"What are they?"

"*Miso-ton-Tourkon*—hate and Turkey."

The Secretary laughed.

"That's all the vocabulary you'll need to talk Greek politics, but I doubt if it will take you through a campaign. Well, keep your gun handy. The Turks take no prisoners."

The crowd broke up. Newsboys were calling an extra edition of the "Kathenerini." There had been another defeat in Asia Minor. The surgeon and the diplomat signaled a cab and drove away. They were not aware that a scarecrow soldier in a salvaged uniform saluted them, that he was holding his musket in a clumsy attempt to "present arms."

A week later James Papalexis turned Socialist. Being impractical—it was noted before that he was a poet—he informed his sergeant that he had transferred his allegiance from Constantine to Karl Marx. Therefore James was assigned to the *Evzonas* and sent to the front.

"He will talk just as much when he is fighting," remarked the sergeant. "But no one will have time to listen."

James found the food worse, the conditions more difficult, the officers more oppressive, than in the capital. And as his hardships increased the vitriolic bitterness of his speech intensified until a superior marked him "dangerous." Therefore his transfer to a machine-gun unit was a routine incident at Brigade Headquarters. It was simpler than convening a general court martial, and it served the same purpose.

Clouds of dust from the road clung to the sweat-dampened uniforms and streaked the faces of the men. Groaning ox and donkey carts loaded with civilian refugees blocked the mountain roads. And more depressing than weariness, more sickening than the stench of corroded horseflesh, was the consciousness of defeat. When the army retreated, there was no music, no glitter, no display. But the men staggered on. The Turkish cavalry was just behind.

Dust clouds settled closer to the road. When the column halted, men look about, dumbly, like cattle, for some spot where they might sit down. But the filth of three armies was beside the road—there was no spot sufficiently clean. So the men stood in their ranks, too sick to curse. Canteens hung dry and scalding rivulets of sweat reddened the men's eyes. Before them was the hellish march; behind them were the Turks.

Numbness followed disgust.

James Papalexis shifted his weight from one aching foot to the other and blinked at the merciless sun. He had forgotten yesterday; he had no hope for to-morrow. With a pathetic vividness he remembered the texture of ice-cream in a soda glass when one stirs it with a long spoon. As he thought of a strawberry sundae his tongue touched his lips and tasted the same dead horse which polluted the air. His throat was so dry that he could not talk, had he known anything that he wished to say or met any one with whom he wished to converse. When the column moved, James moved forward in his place. When it halted, he rested. That was all that was required of him.

James Papalexis's unit crossed a stone bridge over a poisoned stream. They halted.

A string of refugee carts filed past them like groaning specters. On one cart was a corpse, the body of a young woman. A swarm of flies kept pace with it. The *lohias* (the sergeant) prodded the body with his bayonet.

"Let her stay," said he to the driver of the cart, the man who had been the woman's husband. "Let her stay with us. There's no danger of the Turks carrying her to a *seraglio*."

Because he hated the sergeant James did not laugh with the other men at the jest.

A motor cycle rattled through the blockade and halted close to the bridge. The driver unstrapped an ammunition case from the handle-bars and handed the case to Pappas, the corporal of James's section.

The sergeant, the corporal, and the motor-cycle rider held a long whispered consultation.

When the column moved forward again, creaking in the joints like a worn-out engine, a dozen men remained with the motor cycle at the bridge. James wondered dully what was about to happen.

Men laid aside their packs. Some one thrust a shovel into James's hands and commanded him to dig. The refugees, dragging across the bridge, took no notice of the soldiers.

With painful, tedious effort James and his comrades excavated two holes, waist deep, on either side of the road. In these rough emplacements, pointed back towards Angora, two machine guns were mounted. Corporal Pappas carried the ammunition case down under the bridge and called for a fuse. The motor-cycle man nodded and took from his *musette* bag a long cord and half a dozen hand grenades. The others waited.

"What is it?" asked James of his comrade, a convict "pardoned" to the front.

"You never saw a rear-guard action?" returned the man, with a grimace.

"Never. I am only four days at the front."

"Take a good look. You'll never see another." The convict and Corporal Pappas laughed.

Weary fugitives, with anxious, backward glances, crowded one another from the road. The cracking of whips, the wailing of children, the swearing of men hard-pressed, filled the air, a fitting accompaniment to the stench from the poisoned water below and the dead horse above.

James Papalexis looked at his watch. He had an impression that the convict intended to steal it should he close his eyes. They were sitting side by side in the machine-gun pit. With a start, James realized that it was almost three o'clock. Then he knew that he was very thirsty. He climbed from the hole and started back down the road. He remembered that there was a roadside spring not a half a kilometer away. His canteen swung in his hand.

"Fill mine, too," called the convict, tossing a second canteen toward him.

Corporal Pappas halted his incessant conversation with the motor-cycle driver. He motioned to James to return.

"Stay here," he ordered.

"But I go for water."

"You can't run away from here.

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Back to your post." And when James would have gone forward, anyway, the corporal pointed his revolver at him. "Back to your post."

The convict looked at the *dekaneas* of the motor cycle. "He will ride away. He will be saved." The convict attempted to spit as he said it, but his mouth was too dry.

With a rattle of chains a field gun rumbled across the bridge. The horses that pulled the piece were so exhausted that they breathed through their mouths. Behind the gun was a detachment of cavalry. Many of the men were sleeping in their saddles, hunched over the pommels, like so many sacks of potatoes. They were very dirty. At the rear of the troop rode an officer, a *lohagos*, who called Corporal Pappas close to his stirrup.

"Is the bridge mined?"

"Yes, captain."

"Machine guns in position and ready to fire?"

"Yes, Captain."

The officer nodded to the cyclist. "You will report to headquarters as soon as contact is established. We are the last to cross. Blow up the bridge."

"And the poor people, the refugees?"

Captain Tatanis glanced back at the struggling line of carts, shrugged his shoulders.

"They must die. Fire the mine."

The captain rode on, following his men.

Corporal Pappas motioned his men away from the spot. In one hand he held the end of the long fuse, in the other a box of safety matches.

"Get back; it will rain stone houses," he called to the soldiers. Then to the refugees. "Go a way down the stream. There is a ford, maybe."

"But *they* are just behind us!" cried the men and women in the carts.

Corporal Pappas's reply was a column of flame and débris that shook the ground like an earthquake.

Where the bridge had been was a heap of wreckage. The endless line of refugees detoured into a field, searching for the unknown ford to cross the stream. James Papalexis, again seated in the gun pit, looked at his watch. Five minutes only had dragged out since he had looked before. It seemed that hours must have elapsed. He shook the timepiece to see if it had stopped.

And then the poet in him rose in revolt.

"Comrades," he shouted to the others, "why need we fight the Turks? All men are brothers. Shall we kill ourselves for the princesses? It is their fight, not ours."

"Be still!" growled Pappas.

James's voice rose to a shrill whine: "I tell you, we are brothers. For me, I am Socialist. I refuse to fight for the King, for any king. I am poor. You also are poor men. We die. But the King? He lives in comfort because we are fools."

"Again I warn thee. Be still!"

"I defy you," screamed James Papalexis to his corporal. "All men are brothers. There is no need to fight and kill."

Behind the last group of creaking carts rattled a volley from a quick-firing gun. With straining haste, the refugees fled into the fields, leaving the road clear as far as the eye could see. James heard Corporal Pappas speak calmly to the sergeant on the motor cycle.

"Here, take these," he said. "It is better for you to have them than to leave them for those devils."

His case of cigarettes, his money in his pockets, his picture of his sweetheart, his medal—all his little keepsakes he passed to the courier, who accepted them without comment. There was a certain finality about the calmness of Corporal Pappas's action that made James's throat contract sharply. He wanted to cry out, to run down the road and surrender; but his legs refused to function.

In an agony of terror and apprehension, James Papalexis cried out: "With me, my comrades! We shall not be butchered. Come with me."

There was another burst of firing, a dull gleam of metal in the dust cloud that lay heavy on the road. The motor cycle coughed beside him, and James realized that "contact with the enemy had been established." Corporal Pappas dropped into the pit beside him and seized the triggers of the gun. It fired jerkily, straight into the dust cloud. . . .

Dust and smoke blew into the field, one could see the armored car.

"Quickly, my brothers," cried James. "Let us surrender before it is too late."

The convict dropped limp into the bottom of the pit. For a second James did not connect this phenomenon with the presence of the moving fort on the other side of the stream. Mechanically, James fed ammunition strips into the gun while the corporal held the triggers. But it was only another minute before Pappas too collapsed in a heap under the gun.

James crouched in the hollow and felt very lonely. Cautiously, he raised his eyes over the edge of the pit.

The armored car had stopped. For the first time James comprehended the insignia, a blazing crescent painted on the turret. He regarded the symbol. Something acting on his mind like the changing focus of a lens enlarged that crescent until it stretched across the landscape like a sunset. The armored motor was blotted from his vision and before him he saw it, triumphant, spreading across the hills of Asia.

He remembered with a vivid realism that his mother had taught him to fear and to hate that symbol. He remembered old tales she had told to him, stories of Macedonia and Thermopylæ. His fingers twitched as he realized that there were Turks, the enemies of his forefathers, inside the moving fort.

James bent over the body of the corporal and felt through the pockets of his tunic until he found a hand grenade. He examined it gingerly. If one pulled that little pin from its place, that lever would fly up and seven seconds later the machine would explode. And on the other side of the stream were the Turkish soldiers.

Deeper in the emplacement James crouched. He moved the body of the convict slightly, so as to better protect himself from the bullets which pounded the earth above him. He recalled the Saturday nights in the little shop on Fourth Avenue, when the patron was accustomed to give the boys a glass of old wine and tell them of the forgotten days when Greece threw off the Turkish yoke.

And then James thought of a fat man who wore a ribbon of scarlet and gold and cried, "To arms, Athenians!"

As if a coiled spring had thrown him from his cover, the little soldier in the misfit uniform tumbled from the hole. He stumbled in the débris and rolled down the embankment into the stinking water. Without conscious effort he swam a dozen strokes through the awful fluid. In another minute he was climbing up the opposite bank.

Something caught him in the stomach as he ran straight toward the armored car. He was falling. But even as he fell he tossed the egg grenade through the open firing slit, just below the blazing crescent.

As in a dream, James Papalexis saw the turret fly in pieces.

Hours later a weary, angry surgeon examined the leg of Corporal Pappas.

"Amputate it," he told his assistant.

The man made a grimace. "No ether."

"Can't be helped."

Corporal Pappas bore it with philosophic stoicism. The surgeon's annoyance continued. He was using a pile of débris beside a poisoned stream as an operating-table. The stench of the battlefield made him ill. All the wounds were infected.

Once Corporal Pappas interrupted the operation.

"What says that man who lies beside the armored car?" he demanded.

"*Miso-ton-Tourkon*—hate and Turkey. The only Greek words I know," returned the surgeon, in French.

Corporal Pappas stirred uneasily. "He is a better politician than I thought, is Private Papalexis," he said.

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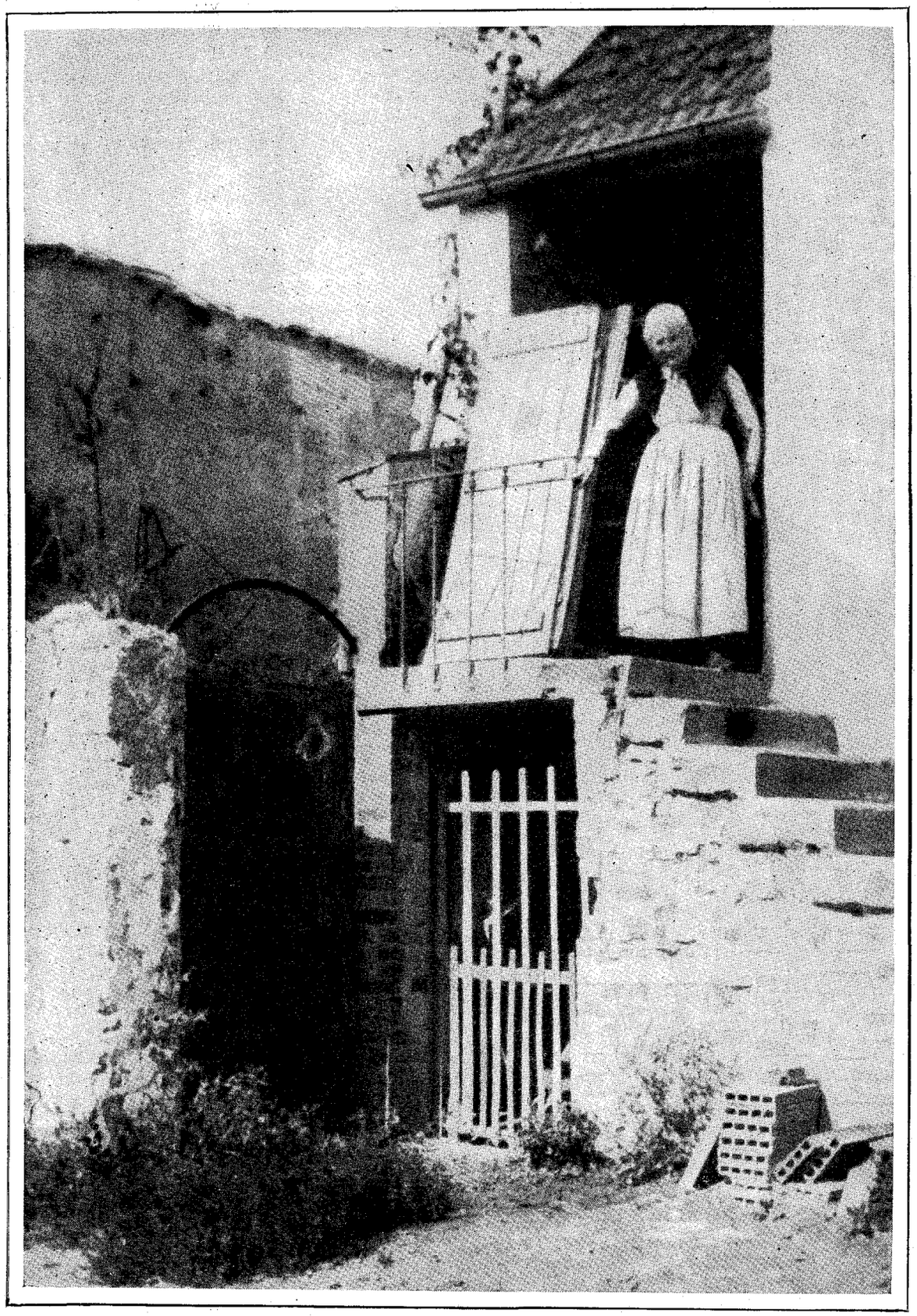
RECONSTRUCTION DAYS AT VAUX, FRANCE



This smiling madame is said to be the only inhabitant who remained in the village while it was being shelled by the Americans on their way to Belleau Wood, a few miles distant. Now she always comes out to greet more peaceful American visitors

Photograph by Harriet M. Johnson, Bath, Maine

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THE BOOK TABLE

"BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN"

BY EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

ANDREW LANG hated to be called "versatile," but his wife tells us[1] that he never explained why. Perhaps he began to hate it only after years and years; readers of books and writers of reviews are apt to repeat catch-words about authors, until the most flattering phrase may become tiresome. There were a few sour scholars, probably, who used the word "versatile" with a sneer. A man cannot be journalist, poet, critic, and historian, as Lang was, he cannot seriously enter the fields of Homeric translation, of history, poetry, folk-lore, and psychical research, without provoking sarcastic comments from those who believe in specialized scholarship. The German pedant who died regretting that he had not devoted his life to the dative case of a single Greek noun, instead of spreading himself over the whole noun, is not entirely a figure of caricature. But, in the end, those who sneered at Lang were left alone with their sneers, for none of his researches was contemptible.

The variety of his interests was an indication of a lively and lovable spirit; it is your specialist who becomes a bore, if not a monomaniac. Lang could translate the Greek epics (I would suggest, with diffidence, that this work was the least of his successes) or he could enjoy reading a Rider Haggard novel, and actually collaborate in writing one of them. Like many scholars, who are also humanists and antiquarians, he had not fallen into the modern attitude of despising the story-teller's art. In this century it is the stylist who is all-important; "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" are beneath the contempt of many who appreciate literature. But it was not so in Homer's day, and Lang knew this. When he read a book, he would have bloody noses and cracked crowns, and pass them current too. Not for him the drawing-room novel in which a well-dressed gentleman records what he thought that the heroine thought he thought. Better Allan Quatermain and Umslopagaas defending the great staircase, or Leo Vincey in the caves of Kôr.

The pale-gray novels of thirty years ago (like "Ships that Pass in the Night") moved him to write "A Remonstrance with the Fair," with the final stanza:

> There are cakes, there is ale—ay, and ginger
> Shall be hot in the mouth as of old:
> And a villain, with cloak and with whinger,
> And a hero, in armour of gold,
> And a maid with a face like a lily,
> With a heart that is stainless and gay,
> Make a tale worth a world of the silly
> Sad trash of to-day.

If such mild essays in pessimistic realism affected him unfavorably, what would he find to say of the school of mud and misery that has afflicted English and American fiction since the war?

He was no bubbling optimist, but a reflective and on the whole a healthy, merry man who found, as in his "Ballade of Middle Age," that "life's more amusing than we thought."

He was amused and interested in his work, with a taste for the odd and unusual that led him to investigate historical mysteries and write about them; to study folk-lore; to engage in psychical research, the while he made fun of it. Like the French lady, he did not believe in ghosts, but he was afraid of them. His Gaelic nature refused to let him adopt the prosaic attitude of skepticism; his sense of humor pointed out—

> I know not why, but alway I
> Have found that it is so,
> That when the glum Researchers come
> The brutes of bogeys—go.

How much was his devotion to Mary Queen of Scots and to the house of Stuart due to historical conviction, how much to natural patriotism and to his fondness for a lost cause? And how much was it to be ascribed to the feeling that the Stuarts were gay and fun-loving, while the house of Hanover was glum, heavy, and all ready to become Victorian?

He characteristically named his volume of essays, collected from journalistic work, "Lost Leaders," and characteristically wrote in one copy which I have seen, "Would to God they had stayed lost!" He was a scholar without being dull (which made the dull ones suspect his scholarship), a bookman who was never stodgy, a burner of oil at midnight whose days were sweetened with golf and angling. His poems are full of outdoor spirit; in "April on Tweed:"

> The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill,
> But soft the breezes blow.
> If melting snows the waters fill,
> We nothing heed the snow,
> But we must up and take our will—
> A fishing will we go!

He was beyond compare the writer of familiar verse about books. No anthology on this subject is ever made that does not brim with his ballades—that of the book-hunter searching for "Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs" for one; and the "Ballade of the Unattainable:"

> The Books I cannot hope to buy,
> Their phantoms round me waltz and wheel;
> They pass before the dreaming eye,
> Ere sleep the dreaming eye can seal.
> A kind of literary reel
> They dance; how fair the bindings shine!
> Prose cannot tell them what I feel—
> The books that never can be mine!
>
> There frisk editions rare and shy,
> Morocco clad from head to heel;
> Shakespearian quartos; Comedy
> As first she flashed from Richard Steele;
> And quaint De Foe on Mrs. Veal;
> And Lord of landing net and line,
> Old Izaak with his fishing creel—
> The books that never can be mine!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> ENVOY
>
> Prince, hear a hopeless bard's appeal;
> Reverse the rules of mine and thine;
> Make it legitimate to steal
> The books that never can be mine!

He never ceased to admire Mark Twain, and he was one of the first to recognize the greatness of a book which everybody is brave enough to praise to-day—"Huckleberry Finn." That Huck called himself "Huck Finn the Red Handed" at the time of the cave adventure always amused him mightily. He refers to this in his verses "For Mark Twain's Jubilee:"

> We turn his pages, and we see
> The Mississippi flowing free;
> We turn again and grin
> O'er all Tom Sawyer did and planned,
> With him of the Ensanguined Hand,
> With Huckleberry Finn!
>
> Spirit of mirth, whose chime of bells
> Shakes on his cap, and sweetly swells
> Across the Atlantic main,
> Grant that Mark's laughter never die,
> That men through many a century,
> May chuckle o'er Mark Twain!

His parodies are excellent. In "Shameful Death," a parody of William Morris's poem of that name (a favorite with Mark Twain, by the way), the victim is not Good Sir Hugh, but a large trout. "The Haunted Homes of England" is another parody, from the section on spooks, bogles, and other game for the Society for Psychical Research.

His fine sonnet on the Odyssey is quoted in almost every book about Homer, and need not be repeated. He made some of the best of the translations from old French forms of verse, and was one of those who domesticated the ballade and the villanelle. He is quick to seize upon a quaint bit of information and to make a verse about it, as that "The Rev. Mr. Kirk of Aberfoyle was carried away by the

[1] The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang; Edited by Mrs. Lang. 4 vols. With portraits. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. $14.

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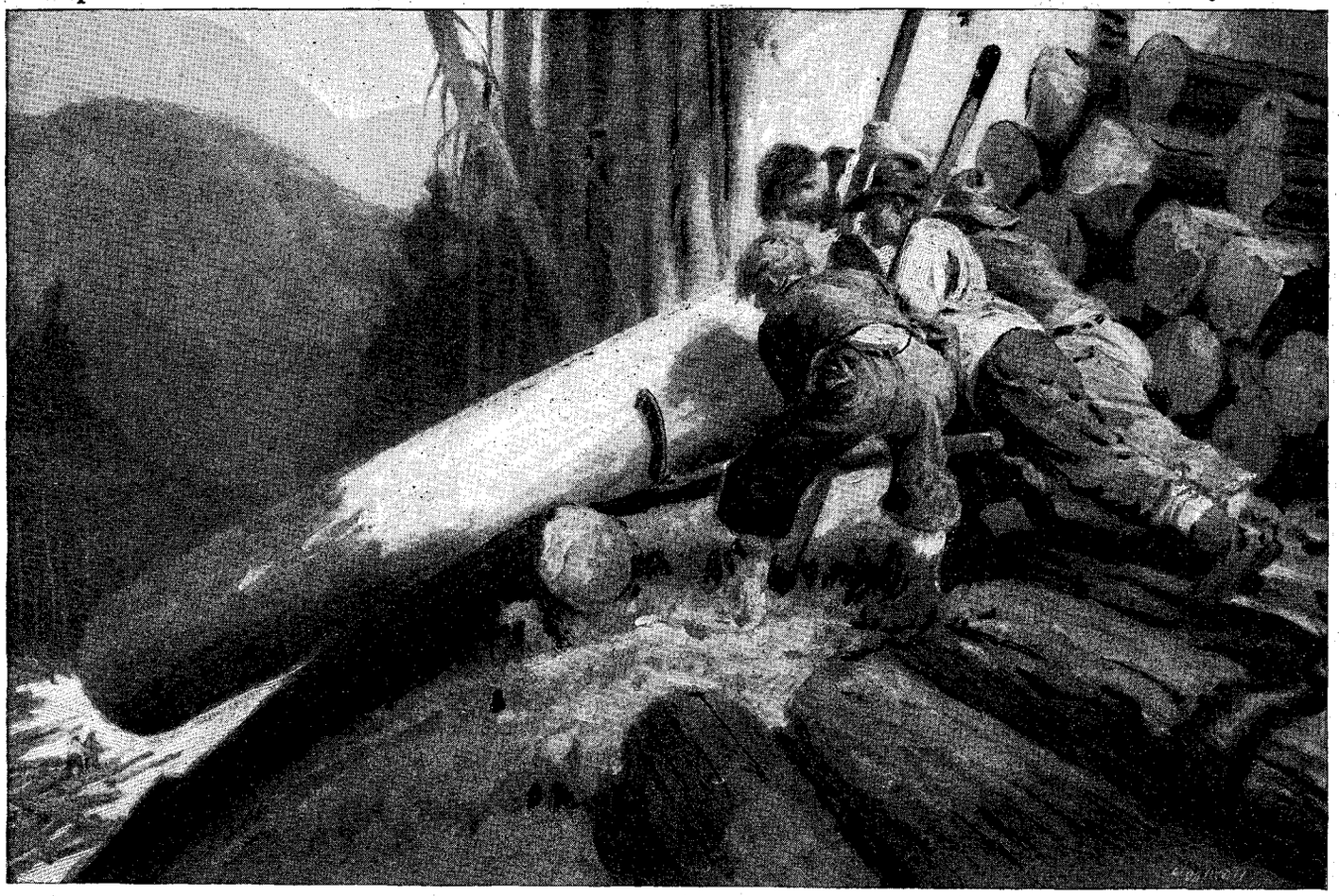
"The pines come down from the mountains for homes ..... as the cedars came down from Lebanon." *John Muir*



THE HERITAGE OF LEBANON

AS by a mighty wind blowing westward, the great forests that once covered vast areas of the American continent have been levelled with amazing swiftness.

Those of the eastern seaboard are almost gone, and those of the lake region are fast going; in the South the days of the forest kings are numbered.

From east to west the wave of depletion has swept. Until now, in the mountain giants of the Pacific Northwest we contemplate our last great conifer reserve.

Like the cedars of ancient Lebanon, the Pacific Northwest's fir, pine, spruce and hemlock are becoming the primary source of lumber for the builders of a nation.

* * *

Into the Pacific Northwest the cream of the lumber industry is moving bodily—and there is growing gigantic. Saw mills and lumber camps operate on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. They employ an army of 150,000 men. The value of their yearly output totals the immense sum of $400,000,000.

And here, as has been true in other sections, the logging crews are the pioneers of a general manufacturing development. Large and thriving cities with a permanent economic support in lumber products and paper are springing up.

The entire industrial and commercial life of the Pacific Northwest has been stirred by the awakening of the lumber colossus.

* * *

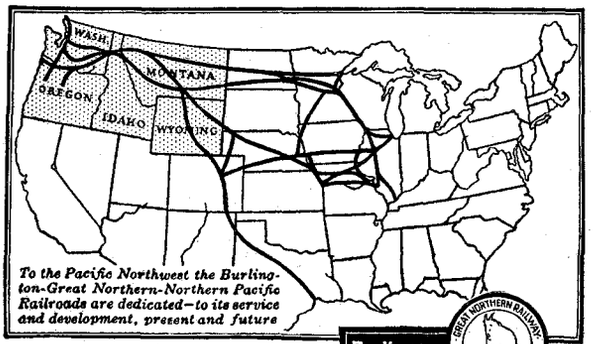
Almost half of all the timber in the United States stands today in the Pacific Northwest. A thousand billion feet, or enough to rebuild three times the sixteen million frame houses in this country. A tremendous resource, surely; and with proper reforestation, a permanent one. But by no means the most impressive.

Consider the Pacific Northwest's millions of acres of fertile land, unlimited water power, unmeasured mineral wealth; its seaports facing the orient and a boundless future commerce; its fisheries, grazing lands, fruit lands—

But vision all these in the light of this fact: *The Pacific Northwest is growing five times as fast as the rest of the United States.* And, though the rigors of its pioneer days have long since vanished, it is still young, still new—still but on the threshold of its future great estate.

Today the Pacific Northwest holds out the fruits that energy and initiative have always reaped in a rich, swiftly developing land—to the farmer, the industrial worker, the manufacturer, the merchant, the man with capital to invest—

To every man who yearns to get a start at the start of things.



Write for interesting booklet, "Timber Billions of the Pacific Northwest"

Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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To the Pacific Northwest
THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

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fairies in 1692." His wit is Gallic, if his mind was Gaelic, and his forte, after all, was light verse. He has more humor than the young intellectuals of to-day, to whom no love is sacred unless it be illicit.

GALLIA

Lady, lady neat
Of the roguish eye,
Wherefore dost thou hie
Stealthy, down the street,
On well-booted feet?
From French novels I
Gather that you fly,
Guy or Jules to meet.

Furtive dost thou range,
Oft thy cab dost change;
So, at least, 'tis said;
Oh, the sad old tale
Passionately stale,
We've so often read.

Many verses resulted from his studies of totemism and folk-lore; in none of them did he sum up so well as in the "Ballade of Primitive Man:"

He worshipp'd the rain and the breeze,
He worshipp'd the river that flows,
And the dawn, and the moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows;
He buried his dead with their toes
Tuck'd up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their nose—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

Once, many years ago, I relied on quoting that stanza, with one or two others from the same poem, to pull me through an examination—in Prehistoric Religion, 6a, I think it must have been. To my mind, it answered the questions perfectly. But it is amazing to discover what insensitiveness there is in examiners, and how little of humor and the finer feelings.

If Andrew Lang cared not at all for the stuff that passes as realism, he was wide awake to the absurdities of romance, to the vagaries of Ouida, and to the curious customs of what Mr. J. K. Jerome called "Stage Land."

FARTANT POUR LA SCRIBIE

[Scribie, on the northeast littoral of Bohemia, is the land of stage conventions. It is named after the discoverer, M. Scribe.]

A pleasant land is Scribie, where
The light comes mostly from below,
And seems a sort of symbol rare
Of things at large, and how they go,
In rooms where doors are everywhere
And cupboards shelter friend or foe.

There is a realm where people tell
Each other, when they chance to meet,
Of things that long ago befell—
And do most solemnly repeat
Secrets they both know very well,
Aloud, and in the public street!

A land where lovers go in fours,
Master and mistress, man and maid:
Where people listen at the doors
Or 'neath a table's friendly shade,
And comic Irishmen in scores
Roam o'er the scenes all undismayed.

A land where virtue in distress
Owes much to uncles in disguise;
Where British sailors frankly bless
Their limbs, their timbers, and their eyes:
And where the villain doth confess
Conveniently, before he dies!

A land of lovers false and gay;
A land where people dread a "curse;"
A land of letters gone astray,
Or intercepted, which is worse;
Where weddings false fond maids betray,
And all the babes are changed at nurse.

Oh, happy land, where things come right!
We of the world where things go ill,
Where lovers love, but don't unite,
Where no one finds the missing will,
Dominion of the heart's delight,
Scribie, we've loved, and love thee still!

This edition of Lang's poems is in four admirably printed volumes, in blue and gold, pleasing to handle and delightful to read. It collects in one set all his poems which Mrs. Lang believes he would himself select for such an edition. I hate to have recourse to the stalest of comments, one which falls from the pen of writers of reviews (as I have recent cause to know) with monotonous regularity, and often (as I shall maintain) quite unjustly, but—this set of books needs an index. The table of contents at the beginning of each volume is not sufficient to save the seeker for some especial poem from trouble and vexation.

THE NEW BOOKS

THE DRAMA

MELLONEY HOLTSPUR; OR, THE PANGS OF LOVE. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

It is not without reason that John Masefield has placed the quaintly Victorian sub-title to his play, for "Melloney Holtspur" belongs to that faintly archaic type of literature that suggests the long ago. The theme is centered about the love tragedies of two generations, one of whom is actually an assemblage of ghosts who mingle pitifully among their descendants, striving to reconcile differences that had their genesis long before the living people were born. Melloney Holtspur and her faithless lover, Laurence Copshrew, come back in the silences to haunt the great chamber where their tragedy was played out and to intervene in the affairs of Melloney's son and Laurence's daughter, who love each other. Old Sir Tirrold Holtspur comes to life again in his suit of armor, and these ghosts, now free of the flesh and understanding, judge the sins of the past and right the wrongs of the present. Mr. Masefield has handled a rather difficult technical problem excellently here, and his play, though adding nothing to his fame, becomes a rather pleasing effort to read. It is dubious whether it would act or not.

SCIENCE

MAN'S PREHISTORIC PAST. By Harris Hawthorne Wilder, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

No book issued since Osborne's famous "Men of the Old Stone Age" in 1915 so completely covers all of the salient aspects of this increasingly popular subject without becoming more involved in technical detail of an anthropological sort than the average reader enjoys. Within one medium-size volume is included a survey of the several kinds of man and apelike man, both extinct and surviving. It explains in a plain, lucid, and straightforward manner the interrelations between these varieties of apes and men from about three million years ago up to historic times. An especially good sense of relative time values is kept throughout, so that the reader carries away a clear idea of the whole background of the human race. The cave men, the reindeer men, the Heidelberg man, the Piltdown man, and the Java man are fully discussed.

BIOLOGY IN AMERICA. By R. T. Young. The Gorham Press, Boston. $7.50.

The author has succeeded in explaining biology without much technical terminology. Nor is this done by avoiding all but the elementary, for within about five hundred amply illustrated pages the whole horizon of practical biology is swept, especially as it touches on our own daily lives. It would serve, not as a text-book, but rather as fascinating chapter-a-night reading for the average person who might desire to repair a weakness in biology while wishing to avoid a drudging text-book study. The book is very informative, not merely about biology itself, but about what has been done and what is being done to study it in its practical and economic bearings on our own lives. For instance, we are told of the San José scale; the cattle tick; fish hatching; how mosquitoes transmit fevers; what the Rockefeller Institute is doing; what the Mendelian theory is; what the newer theories of evolution are. This would be a suitable book for a serious-minded youth.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

FARMERS AND BRICKLAYERS

A FEW weeks ago the subjoined complaint appeared in the New York Herald:

I own and run a farm in Virginia. Just how the farmer to-day is prospering as against the city laborer the following facts show:

It takes 33½ dozen, or 402, eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours' work.

It takes 17½ bushels of corn, or a year's receipts from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer one day.

It takes 23 chickens, weighing three pounds each, to pay a painter for one day's work in New York.

It takes 42 pounds of butter, or the output from 14 cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours, to pay a plumber $14 a day. It takes a hog, weighing 175 pounds, representing eight months' feeding and care, to pay a carpenter for one day's work.

Who sees the way out?

The city workman's wages must decline or we farmers will stop farming entirely, exactly what most of us are doing.

I have planted my last crop, and this year nearly 1,000 acres goes down in grass, on which I will raise nothing.

I can see only one way now—teach New York hens to lay bricks instead of eggs.

Suppose all the farmers in the country adopted this attitude and instead of producing eggs, corn, chickens, butter, and hogs, raised only enough to feed themselves and their families. One advantage the farmer has over the rest of the population is that at least he will have enough to eat. The rest of us eat what he does not use in his own household, his surplus. If there is no surplus, what happens?

One can scarcely blame the farmer for going on strike. He sees the labor organizations fighting for shorter hours and more pay, and he knows that on the farm there is no chance for shorter hours. It takes as much work and as much time now to run a farm as it did four years ago, and yet the financial return from this work has decreased. The farmer is mad, and he has a right to be. If all the farmers do as the writer of the letter threatens to do, food will be scarce and it will be high-priced, and the bricklayer will have to pay more for it; he will not have as much money left over as he thought he would, and consequently he will not be so well off, after all. If all of this happens, perhaps the bricklayer will feel himself obliged to strike for still higher pay, and, as he belongs to a powerful and aggressive organization, very possibly he will get it.

We use the term "bricklayer" simply for convenience. What applies to the bricklayer, however, applies with equal force to all organized members of the community seeking to advance their own interests at the expense of their neighbors and fellow-countrymen. It is high time a stop was put to such a practice, and every one of us should realize that we are dependent upon every one else and that it is impossible for us to better ourselves permanently if in the process we injure some one else. The city worker is dependent upon the farmer and the farmer is dependent upon the city worker; it is to their mutual advantage that they both are prosperous.

The writer of this article can by no implication be termed Socialistic in his views, but he does think that every citizen has certain obligations to fulfill, and that he owes a duty to his fellow-citizens and to the community. If there is an acute shortage of houses, for instance, and, knowing this, the bricklayers and plasterers and carpenters and plumbers and all the other people who are essential to the building operation get together and put up prices and cause strikes and lockouts, and in various ways make it difficult and perhaps impossible for the shortage to be relieved, they are doing serious hurt to the community. Sooner or later the consequences of their mistake will come back to them. They may be within their legal rights, but every one who has read Blackstone knows that one of the first principles of law is that "legal" and "moral" are unrelated terms. And if it seems best to leave morals out of the discussion call it bad sportsmanship.

The farmer feels he is not getting a square deal, but from a story one of them told us the other day it appears that some people think he has it pretty easy, and is a robber besides. Our milkman told us the tale.

"I was down Blank Street yesterday," he said, "and I came closer to punching a man's jaw than I have in years. I have a customer there whose job is putting slate on roofs; all he does is sit on a roof all day and tack on slate which two assistants hand him. I suppose he works forty-four hours a week, with about fourteen hours overtime at pay and a half, or maybe double pay. Some of them get double, I know, and this talk about shorter hours is all bunk. They don't want shorter hours, but more overtime pay. Well, anyway, this man came up to me and called me a thief because I charge what I do for milk. 'I work for a living,' he said, 'which is more than you do, and I don't propose to have my earnings taken away

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We give A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of principal and savings bank interest should the purchaser, for any reason whatsoever, be unable to complete the payments.

The SAFETY of our First Mortgage Investments is proven by our record of *no loss to any investor in 50 years.* Their CONVENIENCE is proven by our Investment Savings Plan, by a choice of maturities from 2 to 15 years, and by denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. Their PROFIT is proven by the interest rates of 6½% and 7%, and by the State and Federal tax-free features.

Write today for Booklet No. 25 describing our current offerings, and for Booklet A 25 describing our Investment Savings Plan

The F. H. SMITH CO.
Founded 1873
FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS
Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 50 YEARS

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ARE YOU AN INVESTOR?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

The Outlook Financial Department
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The 8 Differences Between Safe and Unsafe Bonds

THERE are 8 requirements that every bond must have to insure the safety of the investor's funds.

If a bond will pass every one of these 8 tests it may be identified as presenting the maximum of safety to the investor. If a bond will not pass one or more of these tests, it is lacking in the elements of safety that every conservative investor should insist upon.

These are the differences between safe and unsafe investments—the elements that characterize the difference between the successful and haphazard investing of funds.

Every Forman Bond has passed fully these 8 tests. Absolute proof of the safety of Forman Bonds is the successful handling of the funds of thousands of investors over a period of 38 years without the loss of one cent to any customer.

Out of this long and successful experience we have published an interesting booklet "How To Select Safe Bonds" which tells how to make the 8 tests that prove the safety of every investment. Every investor, large or small should have a copy of this booklet. With it you will not only be able to test the safety of every investment scientifically, but you will be enabled to secure a larger income without any sacrifice of safety.

YOURS—FREE MAIL THIS COUPON

We have a limited edition of this book. It will be mailed only to those who ask for copies on the request blank below. Fill in, tear out and mail today.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & CO.
105 W. MONROE ST. CHICAGO
38 Years Without Loss to a Customer

George M. Forman & Co.
Dept. 68, 105 W. Monroe St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me without cost or obligation a copy of your booklet "How To Select Safe Bonds." No solicitor is to call on me.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

by a bunch of highwaymen like you.' I was so surprised I couldn't speak, and when I got my senses back he was gone. All I'm hoping is that he'll be home when I go there to-day.

"Every morning," he continued, "I'm up before five o'clock, and my work is done some time along in the evening. Do I get Saturday afternoon and Sunday off? I do not. And I work when it rains too; for hogs and chickens and cattle eat and need care whether the sun is shining or not, and I don't get $14 a day, so I can take time off once in a while and still have money in my pocket. I make about two cents a quart on my milk. And look at the investment I've got to worry about too! These fellows in town have only one worry, and that is whether they'll get caught loafing on the job. Even that doesn't bother them much, for if any one calls 'em down they quit. 'Work for a living'! They don't know what it means."

This is a true story, and it shows that the Virginia farmer is not the only one who is disgruntled over the present disparity in city and country wages. Making allowance for prejudice, the fact remains that trouble is brewing. Few people realize, we believe, how dependent the business of the country is upon the prosperity of the rural inhabitants. As a class, farmers are about the largest buyers we have, and they buy all sorts of goods. If the farmer has no money to spend, the city dweller soon feels the pinch as well as the farmer, for one of his principal markets is removed and his business soon begins to suffer. He cannot keep the farmer down and himself up, any more than the boy in the proverb can eat his cake and have it too. Farmers are, without doubt, having a hard time of it now; recent Senatorial elections show that they are desperate and ready to vote for any man who promises relief, whether it is illusory or real. Relief for the farmer, however, is a matter of real concern to all thinking people nowadays, and something must be done. The Government knows it; unfortunately, the politicians do too, and are industriously courting the farmer vote with high-sounding words which in most cases will prove entirely empty.

It may be just barely possible that, paradoxical as it may seem, the farmer's condition can best be improved by changing the present working situation in the cities. One class of our population cannot do all the work and another class gather in the rewards. An honest day's work for a reasonable day's pay in the city may make it possible for those who live in the country to obtain a commensurate return for their labor too.

"WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME"

(Letters which won Fourth Prizes in The Outlook's recent Book-Lovers' Contest)

SONNET

(DEDICATED TO GOOD BOOKS)

BY MABEL K. RICHARDSON

I KNOW a golden door that stands ajar,
A beckoning gate on silver hinges swung,
Leading to lands of every age and tongue;
The way is lit of moon and sun and star,
No path is too forgotten or too far.
There all the wonder of the world is flung
Like shining, storied tapestries that hung
In castles where the olden glories are.

Day after day my strength is spent—no matter.
Wearied with noisy toil and idle chatter,
Perchance one marks a restless, wistful look.
With hungry heart and happy wingèd feet
I seek the gate of my beloved retreat
And enter, softly, through an open book.

SHE WHO RIDES MAY READ

BY KATHRO MASON

I LOOKED regretfully at the book in my hand as an acquaintance slipped into the seat beside me.

Daily in that thirty-minute journey between the city and my suburban home I close the door on my every-day existence and enter eagerly another and more stirring world; so I was sorry on this rainy afternoon to be obliged to postpone for even a few moments a delightful voyage to the South Seas on which I had planned to embark at five o'clock precisely.

"Such a bore, this daily ride!" grumbled my neighbor. "There's not time for a rubber of bridge, and there's nothing to read in the papers."

"Why not try a book?" said I, opening mine and recollecting with joy that he would be getting off at the next station.

"A book!" he echoed, with a blank stare. "Why I never read a book through in my life!" The next minute, with evident relief, he added, "Well here's where I get off," and an instant later I saw him striding up the country road, happy, no doubt, in his own way. But never to have read a book! It didn't seem quite possible. I wouldn't have believed the statement if I hadn't heard it myself.

Books have been my companions

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The *first word of each "Want" advertisement* is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel

GO WITH US

Round the World

Exclusive party sailing from New York September 18

First class throughout

Write for booklet "Gibraltar to Yokohama"

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

FOREIGN TRAVEL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

February 2 to June 13, 1924

Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London. References required. Price includes travel, chaperonage, instruction in language, literature, art and history. Write for prospectus to Miss J. B. HERBERT. Director, 137-A Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WINTER ON THE NILE

Sailings: Jan. 5, 16, Feb. 23 and March 6, 1924. Our booklet, "To the Land of Tut-Ankh-Amen," gives fascinating details of these leisurely, luxurious tours to Egypt and Palestine.

THE TEMPLE TOURS
65-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

ALL of our 1923 Tours are filled
Tell us your travel plans for
1924
We are planning OUR TOURS to meet YOUR wishes
Worthwhile Tours, Boston 30, Mass.

Hotels and Resorts

CONNECTICUT

The Wayside Inn

NEW MILFORD, Litchfield, Co., Conn. In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.
Mrs. J. E. Castle, Proprietor.

MAINE

The Homestead

BAILEY ISLAND, Maine. Special rates for September, the month unsurpassed for beauty in Maine. Illustrated folder.

Hotels and Resorts

MASSACHUSETTS

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie

A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 19th season.

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

MINNESOTA

Isle Royale—A Health Builder

(not a sanatorium)

Ponce de Leon searched the Southland for the fountain of youth, but the nearest approach to the object of his quest lies

"In the regions of the North-wind,
In the land of the white rabbit."

For physical repairs and rebuilding Isle Royale, near the Northern shores of Gitche Gumee, is supreme.

For information address Rock Harbor Lodge, care *Booth Line, Duluth, Minnesota.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BEMIS CAMPS

OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE
Near the White Mountains

The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

NEW JERSEY

THE MISSES SCHENCK have opened their beautiful old family homestead, **"REDCLIFFE,"** to a few temporary or permanent guests. An estate of 18 acres with beautiful pine trees, bordering the Raritan River. Large, comfortable, airy rooms, with new baths. Own garden. Excellent Southern home cooking and service. Delightful, restful atmosphere. Rates $20 to $35 per week. Address the Misses Schenck, Redcliffe, Highland Park, New Brunswick, N. J. Telephone 3024 New Brunswick.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Wentworth

59 West 46th Street
New York City

Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

GEORGE A. LEONARD, Manager.

Hotel Webster

(Near 5th Avenue)
40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. Special summer rates.

Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

NEW YORK

ALCADEL

IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Hurricane, Essex County, N. Y.
8 miles west from Elizabethtown

New York Office 2 West 47th St. Bryant 2083.

Delightfully cool and bracing air. Everything new. Hot and cold running water, excellent cuisine. Rates $4.00 per day up. Am. plan. Special weekly rates quoted. Booklets sent.

ADIRONDACKS

EDGEWOOD at KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.

A comfortable, refined home, good beds, eats, and airy rooms. Rates $18-$21. Mrs. W. H. Otis.

FENTON HOUSE and COTTAGES Adirondacks Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

VERMONT

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. THE MISSES SARGEANT.

Real Estate

NEW JERSEY

FOR SALE POULTRY FARM, going concern. 2,500 hens and growing pullets; 2 large equipped brooder houses; 8 laying houses; 3,000-egg incubator in concrete cellar; 32 acres, on State road; 2,000 feet frontage on stream; 11-room house, furnace; 110-volt Delco plant; fine water system; beautiful shade; 8 minutes' walk to church, school, railroad; city high school. $12,000, including all stock, equipment, Ford truck. No agents. J. E. Smiley, Port Elizabeth, N. J.

NEW YORK

"ADIRONDACKS" COTTAGES
For Sale or To Rent.
Also Camp Sites For Sale.
W. H. Otis, Keene Valley, N. Y. Phone 14F14.

FOR SALE

Estate of 48 acres, 3 miles north of Newburgh, land facing and extending to river. 18-mile river view. 17-room house. Location exceptional for hotel, sanitarium, hospital or private residence.

W. W. MURTFELDT, R. F. D. No. 2, Newburgh, N. Y.
W. A. MURTFELDT, 77 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE, AT
Shelter Island, New York

Beautiful shore-front property on Coeckles' Harbor, an arm of Gardiner's Bay. 19 acres of land, 2 houses, bungalow, and outbuildings. Fine site for bungalows or a school camp. **Address Ralph G. Duvall, Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.**

Health Resorts

Sanford Hall, est. 1841

Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM

YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Board Wanted

High School Teacher of quiet tastes desires home in private family of **ST. LOUIS, MO.,** during school year. Address H. P. M., 26 Clinton Ave., Cortland, N. Y.

BOARD AND ROOMS

ROOMS (2), breakfast, and supper for two ladies in cottage at seashore near Boston. Very simple, but good. References. 4,057, *Outlook.*

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

BOYS' camp for sale. Unusual opportunity. 17 years of success, pressure of other business taking owner away. Leased property about 300 acres, beautiful and healthful spot on Adirondack borders. Restricted and high class clientele, Christian. Terms reasonable. 4,055, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

MISS RICHARDS' BUREAU. Co-operative placement service. Superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, secretaries, social workers. Box 5, East Side, Providence.

TEACHERS WANTED. Desirable positions still open. Complimentary enrollment to college graduates. Address The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

FOR THE HOME

HONEY. Delicious new honey direct from producer. Five pounds $1.15, ten pounds $2.10, postpaid in Zones 2 and 3. Cash with order. Herbert A. McCallum, Great Barrington, Mass.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED, in a school near Philadelphia, a lady for executive position beginning October 1. Must have had experience with girls. The position requires tact, disciplinary power, and ability to keep accounts. Episcopalian preferred between thirty and forty years old. Applicants should send photograph if possible, stating experience and giving references. Reply to 4,041, Outlook.

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An Unusual Service for Outlook Readers

You are frequently in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant. Or perhaps you are in search of such a position yourself.

In either case, an Outlook "Want Ad" will undoubtedly solve the problem. Here is a typical extract from a letter just received—"I had not anticipated that my ad would prove so alluring. I received twenty-four replies and they came from thirteen different States. It has given me a great respect for the wide circulation of The Outlook."

Try a "Want Ad."

The rate is only Ten Cents a Word.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue **New York City**

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Housekeeper and companion for widower living in suburban town within commuting distance of New York City. Very comfortable home for right person. No children. Keep other help. Write full particulars. Must have best of references. 4,017, Outlook.

WANTED — Competent woman used to children to assist in care of boy three and girl one and a half in New York residential suburb. An educated woman is needed who will be mother's helper where maids also are employed. Employment to begin September first if possible. 4,014, Outlook.

WANTED—Managing housekeeper. One able to take entire charge of my home employing twelve to fifteen servants. Do not care to consider any one without experience in handling many servants. Winter home, Springfield, Mass. Present address, Mrs. A. H. Chapin, Wianno, Mass.

ASSISTANT for country house. Help dietitian prepare meals; serve them; keep some rooms clean. Electric dishwasher. Large family. Cedar Hill Farm, Reading, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse wishes position in school. Would consider missionary work. 4,072, Outlook.

Business Situations

SECRETARY—Young woman, experienced secretary, will be free September 1. Desires position with editor, writer, or public person. Thoroughly capable of handling all personal and detail work. Excellent references. Address 4,036, Outlook.

SECRETARY-stenographer wishes position with college or large school in September. Best references furnished. 4,060, Outlook.

WANTED, by library school graduate, position in South or East. Address 4,063, Outlook.

REFINED unincumbered widow, business experience, desires position executive, secretarial in girls' school, social secretary, or companion. 4,061, Outlook.

PROFESSIONALLY trained woman desires position as assistant manager of first class tea room. 4,067, Outlook.

CANADIAN woman of business experience and executive ability desires school position in Boston for next season. References. 4,068, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate with business and traveling experience wants position as private secretary or companion. 4,074, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSE going West will take child for expenses. 4,035, Outlook.

YOUNG college woman desires position as traveling companion or governess. Excellent references. 4,048, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION to lady. Genial, capable, experienced household assistant, not menial; adaptable. Fine sewer, repairer. Traveled. Please state particulars. 4,073, Outlook.

REFINED, middle-aged woman as managing housekeeper in widower's family. References required. 4,077, Outlook.

REFINED young woman desires by September or October a position as traveling companion to young mother or older woman going to New Mexico or Arizona. State particulars and terms. References wished. 4,070, Outlook.

WANTED. Southern woman, cultured, desires position as companion, helper, or as nurse for an invalid. Will travel. Address 4,050, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED traveler, speaking Spanish, French, desires position traveling companion or chaperon. United States or abroad. 4,051, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady desires position as house director or matron girl's or women's club, sorority house, dormitory, training school for social workers. Experienced; references. 4,053, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl will live as companion with lady or supervise children's studies for board and room. References exchanged. 4,065, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR—Young woman of culture and refinement with normal and college training wishes position as tutor beginning September. Will travel. 4,076, Outlook.

TEACHER, experienced, desires position for home economics in junior high school for September. 4,066, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE graduate as summer tutor; experienced; best references. H. Baldy, Gowen Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

TEACHER-governess, experienced, good linguist. Backward children thoroughly trained. State salary. 4,058, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as private teacher. Salary eighty dollars a month. References. 4,062, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

GRADUATE nurse would take into her Philadelphia home one or more slightly deficient, delicate, or motherless children. Rates according to special care needed. Summers on a farm in New Hampshire. Excellent references. 4,056, Outlook.

MANUSCRIPTS neatly typed; 5c per hundred words, poems 2c per line. Carbon copy furnished. Miss E. Carroll, 119 30th Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

"WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME"
(*Continued*)

and friends since I first met "Red Riding Hood." Poetry, history, biography, and travel. A never-satisfied appetite drove me as a child to read everything I could lay my hands on. Fortunate I was that a well-stocked library and intelligent direction was at my service in those early years, so that the friends I then made in the world of books are as real and dear to me as the flesh-and-blood companions of school and college days.

Nowadays there is so much of current interest to read and so much of it worth while, I confess to having neglected a little my old friends, but sooner or later I return to those earlier companions in which I find my most lasting satisfaction—books of biography and travel.

The lives of real people—their struggles, failures, and successes—have for me a great interest. And as for travel—comfortably seated at my own fireside, how often have I wandered with Kim down the Grand Trunk Road; how many times, not to escape from reality, as modern psychology accuses us of doing, but to enter into reality, have I sailed westward with Drake and Raleigh; or, watching the stars in the midnight sky, kept lonely watch on the tropic seas with Conrad!

Happy, say I, are the book-lovers. They have at hand a never-failing panacea; one that has been handed down through the centuries from the day when over the library of ancient Thebes some one was inspired to carve this tribute: Books—"Medicine for the Soul."

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BY THE WAY

HERE are a few of the "intelligence tests" to which new members of a popular advertising club are said to be subjected:

What famous vegetable is used in making Campbell's Tomato Soup?

What city was made famous by something that doesn't make it famous any more?

Which of the following two sentences is correct: (check) I'd walk a mile from a camel. I'd walk a mile with a camel.

How many cylinders are there in a Packard single six?

Would you class 3-in-1 under decimals or fractions?

Dr. John H. Finley, who has been traveling in Russia, says, as reported in the New York "Times," that at least one of the Soviet leaders, Radek, seems to have a sense of humor. "At a dinner given by the American Relief executives," says Dr. Finley, "Radek showed one of those patent slates for taking notes where what is written disappears when you pull a slide, leaving the slate clean again.

"He wrote 'Allied debts, so many milliards.' He pulled down the slide and the words vanished. Radek came back with, 'There will have to be a lot such paid off, but unfortunately it won't be done as easily as that.'"

From the "Awgwan:"

Caller—"Is the editor in?"

Office Boy—"No."

Caller—"Well, throw this poem in the waste-basket."

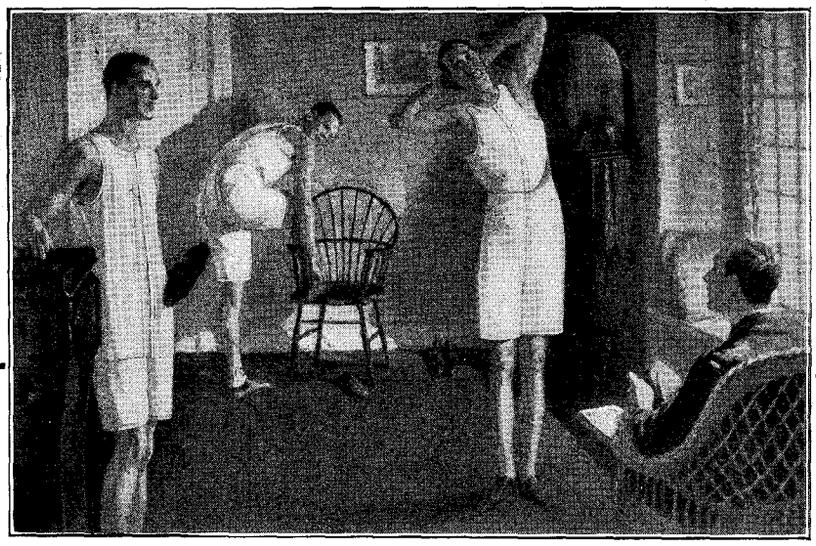
A newspaper despatch from Tampa, Florida, reads thus:

> Is wood alcohol an intoxicating beverage? Is it a beverage at all within the meaning of the law?
>
> Attorneys for the defense in a number of liquor cases tried here argued that it wasn't, but Dr. J. R. Harris, city health officer, testified to this effect:
>
> "Is wood alcohol a beverage?"
>
> Dr. Harris—"It is."
>
> "Do you know of anybody using it for such purposes?"
>
> "No, but I have attended the funerals of several persons who did."

Under the heading "The Science of Refraction" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association prints this:

"A patient came to the eye doctor stating that she could not see well with her glasses on. The doctor took both lenses out and tried the frames on the patient, and she said, 'I can see just fine now.'"

Old-time guide-books, less sophisticated and perhaps less useful to their



They know why
they prefer "B.V.D."

THOSE clear thinking fellows who have found that it pays to keep "fit as a fiddle" are especially exacting in matters of personal comfort. They value the Unvarying Quality, Famous Fit and Long Wear assured by the "B.V.D." Red Woven Label.

From raw material to finished product we practice ceaseless care so that every "B.V.D." garment is of the quality that has brought world-wide preference for our product.

The cool, durable nainsook of "B.V.D." is woven in our own mills from selected cotton and finished in our bleachery.

In our factories vigilant inspection guards every process of skillful cutting, sturdy stitching, well sewn buttons and accurate finish.

There is only one "B.V.D." Underwear
It is always identified by this Red Woven Label

Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) Men's $1.50 and upward the suit Youths' 85c the suit

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

Undershirts and Drawers 85c and upward the garment

The B.V.D. COMPANY, Inc., New York
Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

©1923 The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

"NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE B.V.D. BEST"

WANTED—PHOTOGRAPHS

THE OUTLOOK can use good amateur photographs of interesting and timely scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs, but they should have special news or artistic qualities to make them useful to us. Purchased post-card photographs of travel scenes are not desired, nor clipped pictures from other publications. Copyrighted photographs (if the copyright is held by some one other than the sender) are not available. Do not send films, but good prints only. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use.

Address The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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CANDLE LIGHT. Roses. After dinner Coffee. After Dinner Mints. What a picture to delight both senses and palate! U-All-No After Dinner Mints give just the right finishing touch to a well ordered dinner. Yet they are refreshing and flavory at any time of day.

Sold only in air-tight sealed tin boxes at 10c and 25c.

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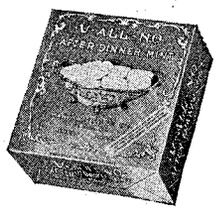

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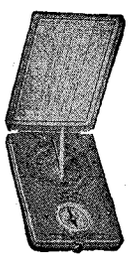

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BY THE WAY *(Continued)*

readers than those of to-day, often were amusing in their discursiveness. An early edition of Murray's "Switzerland," published in 1846, in its chapter on Mont Blanc has this somewhat supercilious comment on a Frenchwoman's feat:

> A Mademoiselle Dangeville, who reached the top in 1840, chose to keep her guides distinct from those of another party that ascended on the same day, disdaining to be indebted to the aid which the gallantry of the other party might have offered. When on the summit, she ordered her guides to lift her as high as they could, that she might boast of having been higher than any other person in Europe. This was motive enough for all the useless labor and fatigue, to a Frenchwoman!

The 1922 edition of Baedeker's "Switzerland" (the house of Baedeker, it may be noted, is again active, after a long period of war and post-war inactivity) merely says: "Mont Blanc was ascended for the first time in 1786 by Dr. Paccard, the local doctor, with the guide Jacques Balmat. . . . The ascent, though very fatiguing, offers no very great difficulties to experienced mountaineers."

An anecdote told by Lowell and quoted in Brownell's "American Prose Masters" is commended to the attention of orators. At a meeting where Gladstone was expected to speak the hall was packed and the air stifling. Some one broke a window to get air. It was feared the noise would startle the audience and the chairman stepped forward to explain. The audience interrupted him with cries of "Gladstone! Gladstone!" At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: "I'm not going to make a speech; *I've got something to say!*"

"I played a long approach, in a three-ball match, from the right-hand side of the course," says a contributor to the "Windsor Magazine," "and one of the other players played an approach from the left-hand side. Neither of us was aware that the other was playing. I candidly acknowledge that I hooked my approach most abominably, and it was bound for anywhere. Suddenly it went off at an acute angle away to the right, and finished within a yard or two of the hole. It turned out that my ball in its flight had struck the other ball, and the impact had caused my ball to travel directly towards the hole. The other player's ball was, so to speak, struck dead, as it just dropped to the ground lifeless. The result of the argument in the air thus ended decidedly in my favor."

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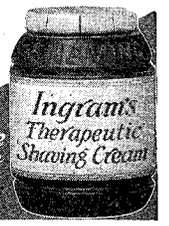

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